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"TALES OF MY LANDLORD."

THIRD SERIES.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE third, and we are assured in a postscript, the last series of these popular tales, has just appeared, and consists of two novels founded on legendary history, viz. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, occupying two volumes and a half, and *Montrose*, which fills the latter moiety of the third, and the whole of the fourth volume. The author, on taking leave, assumes that he has exhibited sufficient varieties of the Scottish character to exhaust one individual's observation, though a large harvest yet remains behind for other labourers capable of gathering it in. He who penned this proposition is undoubtedly the best judge of the extent of his own powers, and it may be that he has arrived nearer the lees of his invention than is intimated by his writings (saving, indeed, that the tales now before us are less illustrative of national character and Scotch peculiarities than any of those which preceded them;) but we entirely doubt the fact that there exists persons competent to take up the sickle which he abandons, and finish reaping that field which he has *shorn* and *banded* with so much spirit and success.

To each of the new tales there is a preface, of the description almost peculiar to the author, and shewing that he is not less competent to the amusing delineation of modern manners and circum-

stances, than to the faithful portraiture of men and customs belonging to elder times. But as we may not, perhaps, be able conveniently to compress a review of both these essays within the bounds of one of our Numbers, we shall, in the first instance, take up the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and the sketch which introduces her to our acquaintance.

It is extraordinary, that in directing attention to a work from so justly celebrated a hand, we should stumble on the very threshold; but we cannot avoid remarking, that the name is incongruous and the first sentence ungrammatical. The substitution of *moor* for *muir* may be defended; but we are afraid that the second offence is only one proof among many, that considerable haste and carelessness have accompanied the preparation of these volumes. Sorry, sorry should we be if a graver excuse might be urged; but if general opinion points rightly to the author, it is too true that the plea of ill health and painful suffering may be received as the apology for the general declension of vigour as well as for any slight errors which have escaped correction in revising the press for the public eye. The passage which has occasioned these strictures is as follows, and worthy of quotation for the matter it states.

Few have been in my secret while I was compiling these narratives, nor is it probable that *they* [it] will ever become public during the life of *their* [the] author.

The story of Dick Tinto, an artist, is then told as a justification of the writer's wish to remain incognito, rather than to become one of the *Lions* of a metropolitan winter. Dick, it seems, was more ambitious of personal distinction, and after painting signs and portraits at Gandercleugh, went to Edinburgh and London in pursuit of "the bubble reputation."

He particularly shone in painting horses, that being a favourite sign in the Scottish villages; and in tracing his progress it is beautiful to observe, how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs, and prolong the legs of these noble animals, until they came to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged, that Dick once upon a time painted a horse with five legs, instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the licence allowed to that branch of the profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favourite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it so superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirdum, and I am ready to depone upon oath, that what has been idly mistaken or misrepresented as being the fifth leg of the horse, is, in fact, the tail of that quadruped, and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is represented, forms a circumstance, introduced and managed with great and successful, though daring art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure, without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into the custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for, when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency became dubious of the propriety of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of the publican himself in exchange for this juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance at his sign was sure to put them in good humour.

This is fine and playful irony both in style and thought; nor is there any part of the poor Artist's memoirs which is not happily touched.

In Edinburgh, Dick's talents were discovered and appreciated, and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the fine arts. But these gentlemen dispensed their criticism more willingly than their cash, and Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism. He therefore sought London, the universal mart of talent. - - - Here

He threw himself headlong into the crowd which jostled and struggled for notice and preferment. He elbowed others, and finally, by dint of intrepidity, fought his way into some notice, painted for the prize at the Institution, had pictures at the exhibition at Somerset House, and damned the hanging Committee. But poor Dick was doomed to lose the field he fought so gallantly. - - - He was for a time patronised by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the same principle on which a spoilt child throws away its plaything. Misery, I fear, took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging in Swallow Street, where he had been dunned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief. A corner of the Morning Post noticed his death, generously adding, that his manner displayed considerable genius, though his style was rather sketchy; and referred to an advertisement that announced that Mr. Varnish, the well-known print-seller, had still on hand a very few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, Esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry who might wish to complete their collections of modern art were invited to visit without delay.

But we have allowed this clever episode to divert us too long from the main story, which is given out as being woven from MS. notes of Tinto's, who was interested by the tradition while taking views of Ravenswood Castle in East Lothian, the scene of the fatal drama of the Bride of Lammermoor.

The family of the Lords of Ravenswood had gradually sunk into decay during the agitated times which preceded the Union, and the last Lord, Allan, from being a high feudal baron was attainted, and his estates fell a prey to the legal subtleties of the Lord Keeper, Sir W. Ashton, who became possessor of Ravenswood Castle, while the fallen house found a wild refuge in the Wolf's Crag, a fortalice on a rock overhanging

the sea not far from Berwick. At this point the novel commences. Allan dies in the wretched retreat of Wolf's Crag, and is grandly buried by his only son, Edgar, called, by courtesy, the Master of Ravenswood, who expends the amount of two years of his slender income on this ceremony. An occurrence takes place at the funeral, which inflames the feud between the Ashtons and the Ravenswoods to the highest pitch. The latter being Tories observe the High-Church rites, which are interrupted by the Whigs, to which faction the former belong, under a warrant signed by Sir W. Ashton, as the nearest Privy Counsellor; the mourners, however, resist this authority; the corpse is deposited in the earth, amid a circle of drawn swords, and young Ravenswood loudly vows eternal hatred and revenge against the vile spoilers of his father's fortune, the profane intruders upon his burial rites.

Sir W. Ashton's family consists of Lady Ashton, a Douglas of immeasurable ambition and violent passions; two sons, Colonel Ashton, and a boy, Henry; and one daughter, Lucy, a soft and rather romantic girl, the heroine of the tale. Young Ravenswood, on the eve of quitting Scotland for the exiled court at St. Germain's, through the persuasions of a worthless and cowardly sycophant, called Craigengelt, and a spendthrift but brave and good humoured profligate, Hayston, laird of Bucklaw, is tempted by the former, in the hope of a fatal issue, to leave his personal maledictions with the Lord Keeper. The malignant view is disappointed, and instead of cursing the Ashtons, Edgar is made the providential instrument of saving both father and daughter from the mortal attack of a wild bull, an animal then kept, as now at Lord Tankerville's, in many gentlemen's Parks. An attachment between the young people springs out of this adventure, and the Lord Keeper discovers that it is his interest rather to encourage than oppose the match. His imperious Lady being absent, affairs go on in an even current for some time, in spite of portents and prophecies, which bode nothing but horrors, from the indication of

attachment between a Ravenswood and an Ashton. The principal personages who figure in these superstitious inferences, are Caleb Balderstone, an old and the last domestic at Wolf's Crag; Alice Gray, a decayed and blind retainer of the Ravenswoods; and Ailsie Gourlay, Annie Winnie, and a third demi-witch, ancient villagers, who make philters, tell fortunes, and attend to lay out the dead, &c. Caleb is the character drawn most at length, and most originally. Wolf's Crag is in absolute desolation; but when visitors come, he lies, like a Scapin, through thick and thin, to make all appear a land flowing with milk and honey, for the honour of the family. His fidelity is boundless, and his invention in the way we have alluded to, equally unlimited. Perhaps his shifts are carried beyond the verge of probability, but they are extremely amusing, even when he steals two wild ducks roasting at the Cooper's fire, in order to furnish his master and his guests a supper; and when he pretends to burn the house to avoid a visit from the Marquis of A—, for whose presence he is unprovided. Blind Alice is a more mysterious being, and her ghost actually appears to Ravenswood after her death. The three witches are such crones as might be expected from the accurate and vigorous pen of this incomparable author—they croak of evil, they enjoy the calamities of others, they are discontented, envious, malicious, fiend-like. Ailsie Gourlay is one of Lady Ashton's tools in breaking Lucy's engagement with Ravenswood, and marrying her to Bucklaw, who has succeeded to the large property of his aunt, Lady Girnington; and in this, we doubt, is raised rather out of her pauper sphere to answer the purposes of the plot. It is when "the Master" is on the eve of setting out to visit Sir W. Ashton and his daughter at Ravenswood, that the trembling Caleb mutters out the prophecy to deter his much-loved chief:—

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,

And wooe a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe.

The Kelpie's flow is a quicksand not far from Wolf's Crag; but as Lucy is alive, and her lover has no intention of stabling his steed in that way, he proceeds fearless of this Meg Merrilies-like prediction. Nor is it fulfilled till after many adventures, and the falling in of other sinister omens, and the utterance of other fatal warnings.

In the end, Lucy being wrought upon to forfeit her pledge to Ravenswood, is married to Bucklaw, whom she stabs in a fit of insanity on their wedding night; and dies on the ensuing day but one. Ravenswood, unbidden, attends her funeral, and is challenged by her brother, Colonel Ashton; going to meet whom on the following morning, he rides upon the fatal Kelpie's flow, and the man and horse are swallowed up never to be seen more. Bucklaw recovers and reforms; Colonel Ashton is killed in Flanders; the politic father dies soon after, and his son Henry also terminates his life unmarried, leaving the selfish and cruel Lady Ashton to a desolate and miserable old age.

Such are the rude outlines of *The Bride of Lammermoor*; from which it will be seen, that not merely the superstitious but the supernatural has been resorted to in order to increase the interest, and not only the characteristic but the exaggerated, in order to produce a comic relief. In both these points there is an injurious departure from the original novels, at least in quantum, and the actual apparition of Alice, and prophecies of Ailsie Gourlay, as far outstrip in possibility the astrology of *Mannering* and gipsy rhymes of *Meg Merrilies*, as the farcical tricks and impostures of Caleb exceed the natural markings of the faithful housekeeper in *Old Mortality*, to whom he bears a general resemblance. Further we may observe, that the incidents altogether border more upon the improbable than the better contrived circumstances in preceding publications. But there is still the same admirable drawing and keeping in the *dramatis personæ*. Not only has the author exquisitely portrayed among his principals the temporising, undecided, timorous, and intriguing Sir

W. Ashton, whose cunning digs its own pit; the haughty, unfeeling, vindictive temper of his Lady; the struggling between hereditary revenge and new-born love in Ravenswood; the mingled nature and romance, passiveness and desperations of Lucy; the rude honour and profligate debasement of Bucklaw; the sacrifice-despising attachment of Caleb;—but the inferior agents are all touched with the skill of a master. Girder the cooper, with his wife and mother-in-law, Craigenfelt the sycophant, Colonel and Henry Ashton, Mortsheugh the fiddling grave-digger, Lord Turntipet, Norman the forester, and all the “noticeable” villagers of Wolf's Hope, are drawn with the finest tact. These are the representatives of their respective genera, and so long as human nature continues, the truth of their delineation will be felt and acknowledged. But lest we tire our readers with our own notions rather than amuse them by following our usage of laying specimens of the work which we review before them, we, to use a favourite phrase of the author's, “postpone” all further parlance, and proceed to extract a few passages from the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

The first approach of Ravenswood with a stranger guest, Bucklaw, to the Tower of Wolf's Crag, affords a fair example of the shifts to which Caleb is often afterwards obliged to resort for the dignity of that ruined establishment. The master had knocked so loudly, that he might have roused the seven sleepers, and with much difficulty procured admission—

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin grey hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous courteous glance which he threw around him—the effect of the partial light upon his white hair and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travellers were too impatient for security against the rising storm, to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. “Is it you, dear master? is it yourself indeed?” exclaimed the old domestic. “I am wae ye suth hae stude waiting at your ain gate, but wha wad hae thought o' seeing ye

sae sune, and a strange gentleman with a--- (here he exclaimed apart as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard by those in the court)---Mysie---Mysie, woman, stir for dear life and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or ony thing that's readiest that will make a lowe.---I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hae been received conform till your rank, as gude right is; but natheles"-----

"Natheles, Caleb," said the Master, "we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?"

"Sorry, my lord!---I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a whig's leave---Sorry to see the Lord of Ravenswood at ane o' his ain castles!---(Then again apart to his unseen associate behind the screen)---Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them care that come ahint.---No to say its our best dwelling," he added, turning to Bucklaw, "but just a strength for the Lord of Ravenswood to flee until,---that is, no to flee, but to retreat until in troublous times, like the present, when it was ill convenient for him to live farther in the country in ony of his better and mair principal manors; but, for its antiquity, maist folks think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal."

"And you are determined we shall have time to make it," said Ravenswood, somewhat amused with the shifts the old man used to detain them without doors, until his confederate Mysie had made her preparations within.

"O, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend," said Bucklaw; "let's see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that's all."

"O yes, sir---ay, sir---unquestionably, sir---my lord and ony of his honourable companions"-----

"But our horses, my old friend---our horses they will be dead-foundered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses," exclaimed Bucklaw.

"True---ay---your horses---yes---I will call the grooms;" and sturdily did Caleb roar till the old tower rung again,---"John---William---Saunders!---The lads are gane out, or sleeping," he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. "A' gaes wrang when the Master's out bye; but I'll take care o'er your cattle mysell."

"I think you had better," said Ravenswood, "otherwise I see little chance of their being attended to at all."

"Whisht, my lord,---whisht, for God's sake," said Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his master; "if ye dianna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we'll hae hard enough wark to make a decent night o't, wi' a' the lies I can tell."

"Well, well, never mind," said his master; "go to the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?"

"Ou ay, plenty of hay and corn;" this was uttered boldly and aloud, and, in a low-

er tone, "there was some half fous o' aits, and some tait's o' meadow-hay left after the burial."

"Very well," said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic's unwilling hand, "I will shew the stranger up stairs mysell."

"I canna think o' that, my lord;---if ye wad but have five minutes, or ten minutes, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour's patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass and North-Berwick Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason is ye suld be marshalled, your Lordship and your honourable visitor. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit"-----

"It will do very well in the meantime," said Ravenswood, "and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable, for, if I recollect, half the roof is off."

"Very true, my lord," replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, "and the lazy sclater loons have never come to put it on a' this while, your lordship."

"If I were disposed to jest at the calamities of my house," said Ravenswood, as he led the way up stairs, "poor old Caleb would furnish me with ample means."

The result of this droll scene is if possible, more ludicrous than its opening; but we must shorten it for an extract of a more solemn kind. Ravenswood, insultingly driven from his forefather's ancient mansion by Lady Ashton, rides furiously towards the Mermaiden's well, a place reported fatal to his house, where he had interchanged vows with Lucy. As he approached the solitary fountain---

His horse, which was moving slowly forward, suddenly interrupted its steady and composed pace, snorted, reared, and, though urged by the spur, refused to proceed, as if some object of terror had suddenly presented itself. On looking to the fountain, Ravenswood discerned a female figure, dressed in a white, or rather greyish mantle, placed on the very spot on which Lucy Ashton had reclined while listening to the fatal tale of love. His immediate impression was, that she had conjectured by which path he would traverse the park on his departure, and placed herself at this well-known and sequestered place of rendezvous, to indulge her own sorrow and his in a parting interview. In this belief he jumped from his horse, and, making its bridle fast to a tree, walked hastily towards the fountain, pronouncing eagerly, yet under his breath, the words, "Miss Ashton!---Lucy!"

The figure turned as he addressed it, and displayed to his wondering eyes the features, not of Lucy Ashton, but of old blind Alice. The singularity of her dress, which rather resembled a shroud than the garment of a living woman---the appearance of her person, larger, as it struck him, than it usually seemed to be---above all, the strange circumstance of a blind, infirm, and decrepit person being found at a distance from her habitation

(considerable if her infirmities be taken into account,) combined to impress him with a feeling of wonder approaching to fear. As he approached, she arose from her seat, held her shrivelled hand up as if to prevent his coming more near, and her withered lips moved fast, although no sound issued from them. Ravenswood stopped; and as, after a moment's pause, he again advanced towards her, Alice, or her apparition, moved or glided backwards towards the thicket, still keeping her face turned towards him. The trees soon hid the form from his sight; and, yielding to the strong and terrific impression that the being which he had seen was not of this world, the Master of Ravenswood remained rooted to the ground whereon he had stood when he caught his last view of her. At length, summoning up his courage, he advanced to the spot on which the figure had seemed to be seated; but neither was there pressure of the grass, nor any other circumstance, to induce him to believe that what he had seen was real and substantial.

Full of those strange thoughts and confused apprehensions which awake in the bosom of one who conceives he has witnessed some preternatural appearance, the master of Ravenswood walked back towards his horse, frequently however looking behind him, not without apprehension, as if expecting that the vision would re-appear. But the apparition, whether it was real, or whether it was the creation of a heated and agitated imagination, returned not again; and he found his horse sweating and terrified, as if experiencing that agony of fear, with which the presence of a supernatural being is supposed to agitate the brute creation.

To satisfy his mind, he rides on to Alice's cottage.

Her seat beneath the birch-tree was vacant, though the day was pleasant, and the sun was high. He approached the hut, and heard from within the sobs and wailing of a female. No answer was returned when he knocked, so that, after a moment's pause, he lifted the latch and entered. It was indeed a house of solitude and sorrow. Stretched upon her miserable pallet lay the corpse of the last retainer of the house or Ravenswood, who still abode on their paternal domains. Life has but shortly departed; and the little girl by whom she had been attended in her last moments was wringing her hands and sobbing, betwixt childish fear and sorrow, over the body of her mistress.

The Master of Ravenswood had some difficulty to compose the terrors of the poor child, whom his unexpected appearance had at first rather appalled than comforted; and when he succeeded, the first expression which the girl used intimated that "he had come too late." Upon enquiring the meaning of this expression, he learned that the deceased, upon the first attack of the mortal agony, had sent a peasant to the castle to beseech an interview of the master of Ravenswood, and had expressed the utmost impatience for his return. But the messengers of the poor are tardy and negligent: the fellow had not reached the castle, as was afterwards learned, until Ravenswood had left it, and had then found too much amusement among the reti-

nue of the strangers to return in any haste to the cottage of Alice. Meantime her anxiety of mind seemed to increase with the agony of her body; and, to use the phrase of Babie, her only attendant, "she prayed powerfully that she might see her master's son once more, and renew her warning." She died just as the clock in the distant village tolled one; and Ravenswood remembered, with internal shuddering, that he had heard the chime sound through the wood just before he had seen what he was now much disposed to consider as the spectre of the deceased.

The girl is sent to the village for the needful assistance, and Ravenswood gives way to many melancholy reflections.

He was relieved, however, from his sad office sooner than he could reasonably have expected, from the distance betwixt the hut of the deceased and the village, and the age and infirmities of three old women, who came from thence, in military phrase, to relieve guard upon the body of the defunct. On any other occasion the speed of those reverend sybils would have been much more moderate, for the first was eighty years of age and upwards, the second was paralytic, and the third lame of a leg from some accident. But the burial duties rendered to the deceased, are, to the Scottish peasant of either sex, a labour of love. I know not whether it is from the temper of the people grave and enthusiastic as it certainly is, or from the recollection of the ancient catholic opinions, when the funeral rites were always considered as a period of festival to the living; but feasting, good cheer, and even inebriety, were, and are, the frequent accompaniment of a Scottish old-fashioned burial. What the funeral feast, or *dirgie*, as it is called, was to the men, the gloomy preparations of the dead body for the coffin were to the women. To straighten the contorted limbs upon a board used for that melancholy purpose, to array the corpse in clean linen, and over that in its woollen shroud, were operations committed always to the old matrons of the village, and in which they found a singular and gloomy delight.

The old women paid the Master their salutations with a ghastly smile, which reminded him of the meeting betwixt Macbeth and the witches on the blasted heath of Forres. He gave them some money, and recommended to them the charge of the dead body of their contemporary, an office which they willingly undertook; intimating to him at the same time that he must leave the hut, in order that they might begin their mournful duties. Ravenswood readily agreed to depart, only tarrying to recommend to them due attention to the body, and to receive information where he was to find the sexton, or beadle, who had in charge the deserted church-yard of the armistage, in order to prepare matters for the reception of old Alice in the place of repose which she had selected for herself.

"Ye'll no be pinched to find out Johnie Mortsheugh," said the elder sybil, and still her withered cheek bore a grisly smile—"he dwells near the Tod's-hole, an house of entertainment where there has been mony

a blithe birling—for death and drink-draining are near neighbours to ane anither.”

“Ay! and that’s e’en true, cummer,” said the lame hag, propping herself with a crutch which supported the shortness of her left leg, ‘for I mind when the father of this Master of Ravenswood that is now standing before us, sticked young Blackhall with his whinger, for a wrang word said ower their wine, or brandy, or what not—he gaed in as light as a lark, and he came out with his feet foremost. I was at the winding of the corpse; and when the bluid was washed off, he was a bonnie bouk of man’s body.’

It may be easily believed that this ill-timed anecdote hastened the Master’s purpose of quitting a company so evil-omened and so odious. Yet, while walking to the tree to which his horse was tied, and busying himself with adjusting the girths of the saddle, he could not avoid hearing, through the hedge of the little garden, a conversation respecting himself, betwixt the lame woman and the octogenarian sybil. The pair had hobbled into the garden to gather rosemary, southern-wood, rue, and other plants proper to be strewed upon the body, and burned by way of fumigation in the chimney of the cottage. The paralytic wretch, almost exhausted by the journey, was left guard upon the corpse, lest witches or fiends might play their sport with it.

The following low croaking dialogue was necessarily overheard by the Master of Ravenswood:—“That’s a fresh and fullgrown hemlock, Annie Winnie—mony a cummerlang syne wad hae sought nae better horse to flee ower hill and how, through mist and moonlight, and light down in the King of France’s cellar.”

“Ay, cummer! but the very de’il has turned as hard-hearted now as the Lord Keeper, and the grit folk that hae breasts like whinstane. They prick us and they pine us, and they pit us on the pinny-winkles for witches; and, if I say my prayers backwards ten times ower, Satan will never gi’e me amends o’ them.”

“Did ye ever see the foul thief?” asked her neighbour.

“Na!” replied the other spokeswoman; ‘but I trow I hae dreamed of him mony a time, and I think the day will come they will burn me for’t. But ne’er mind, cummer! we hae this dollar of the Master’s, and we’ll send down for bread and for aill, and tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle salt sugar—and be there de’il, or nae de’il, lass, we’ll hae a merry night o’t.’

Here her leathern chops uttered a sort of cackling ghastly laugh, resembling, to a certain degree, the cry of the screech-owl.

“He is a frank man, and a free-banded man, the Master,” said Annie Winnie, ‘and a comely personage—broad in the shouthers, and narrow around the lungies—he wad mak a bonnie corpse—I wad like to hae the streaking and winding o’ him.’

“It is written on his brow, Annie Winnie,” returned the octogenarian, her companion, “that hand of woman, or of man either, will never straight him—dead-deal will never be laid to his back—make you your market of that, for I hae it frae a sure hand.”

“Will it be his lot to die on the battle-ground then, Ailsie Gourlay?—Will he die

by the sword or the ball, as his forbears hae dune before him mony ane o’ them?”

“Ask nae mair questions about it—he’ll no be graced sae far,” replied the sage.

“I ken ye are wiser than ither folk, Ailsie Gourlay—But wha tell’d ye this?”

“Fashna your thumb about that, Annie Winnie,” answered the sybil—“I hae it frae a hand sure aneugh.”

“But ye said ye never saw the foul thief,” reiterated her inquisitive companion.

“I hae it frae as sure a hand,” said Ailsie, “and from them that spaed his fortune before the sark gaed ower his head.”

“Hark! I hear his horse’s feet riding off,” said the other; “they dinna sound as if good luck was wi’ them.”

“Mak haste, sirs,” cried the paralytic hag from the cottage, “and let us do what is needfu’, and say what is fitting; for, if the dead corpse binna straighted, it will girn and thraw, and that will fear the best of us.”

Though we have gone to such length, we must copy the description of the bridal evening. Lady Ashton had led the first dance and sat down—

She was not surprised to find that her daughter had left the apartment, and she herself followed, eager to obviate any impression which might have been made upon her nerves by an incident so likely to affect them as the mysterious transposition of the portraits. Apparently she found her apprehensions groundless, for she returned in about an hour, and whispered the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers, and vanished from the apartment. The instruments now played the loudest strains—the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm inspired by youth, mirth, and high spirits, when a cry was heard so shrill and piercing, as at once to arrest the dance and the music. All stood motionless; but when the yell was again repeated, Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the sconce, and demanding the key of the bridal-chamber from Henry, to whom, as bride’s-man, it had been entrusted, rushed thither, followed by Sir William and Lady Ashton, and one or two others, near relations of the family. The bridal guests waited their return in stupefied amazement.

Arrived at the door of the apartment, Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer, except stifled groans. He hesitated no longer to open the door of the apartment, in which he found opposition, from something which lay against it. When he had succeeded in opening it, the body of the bridegroom was found lying on the threshold of the bridal-chamber, and all around was flooded with blood. A cry of surprise and horror was raised by all present; and the company, excited by this new alarm, began to rush tumultuously towards the sleeping apartment. Colonel Ashton, first whispering to his mother,—“Search for her—she has murdered him!” drew his sword, planted himself in the passage, and declared he would suffer no man to pass excepting the clergyman, and the medical person present. By their assistance, Bucklaw, who still breathed, was

raised from the ground, and transported to another apartment, where his friends, full of suspicion and murmuring, assembled round him to learn the opinion of the surgeon.

In the mean while, Lady Ashton, her husband, and their assistants, in vain sought Lucy in the bridal bed and in the chamber. There was no private passage from the room, and they began to think that she must have thrown herself from the window, when one of the company, holding his torch lower than the rest, discovered something white in the corner of the great old-fashioned chimney of the apartment. Here they found the unfortunate girl, seated, or rather crouched like a hare upon its form---her head-gear dishevelled; her night-clothes torn and dabbled with blood,---her eyes glazed, and her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. When she saw herself discovered, she gibbered, made mouths, and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac.

Female assistance was now hastily summoned; the unhappy bride was overpowered, not without the use of some force. As they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and uttered the only arti-

culate words that she had yet spoken, saying, with a sort of grinning exultation,--- "So, you have ta'en up your bonnie bridegroom?" She was by the shuddering assistants conveyed to another and more retired apartment, where she was secured as her situation required, and closely watched. The unutterable agony of the parents---the horror and confusion of all who were in the castle---the fury of contending passions between the friends of the different parties, passions augmented by previous intemperance, surpass description.

It is not in the compass of our present number to discuss the Legend of Montrose, which we confess has our preference before the tale we have analysed. However, we purpose discharging our duty to that production, and in the mean time have selected the three original poems which are introduced into it, to grace our Poetical department.

DRAMATIC SCENES, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY BARNEY CORNWALL, ESQ.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE great literary revolution, which has turned the taste of England from foreign imitation to her original treasures, is now familiar to our readers. Whatever might have been the cause, whether the passion for novelty, the long exclusion of Continental intercourse, or the vigour of the public mind, first excited by the struggle of war, and then exalted by the glories of unexampled victory, the effect has been produced with a fulness and power that seem to place us beyond the possibility of a relapse. It is forbidden for a writer henceforth to establish a distinguished character upon the minor ingenuity of his weapons; no epigrammatic and pointed turns of wit, no keen and satiric employment of common-place, no mere grace and harmony of phrase, will be suffered to enter into the lists where the high prize of fame is to be won. A nobler and more lofty stature must be exhibited in that combat; and with all the artificial habiliments of the day flung aside, the prize must be toiled for by the vigour of a naked heroic nature. The simplicity of this revived taste is at once a pledge of its truth and of its per-

manence. Imagination is the Sun of Poetry, all substitutions for that perpetual and sublime splendour must disturb or dim the true colours of nature; from the passing cloud to the total eclipse, there is a gradual loss of beauty in the sphere of vision; and when the full darkness comes at last, no earthly fabricated fire can supply the security, the expansion, and the glory of the great centre of the system. All the authorship of England has felt this change shooting down through all its parts; the hasty writing of our public journals display a general vigour, that twenty years ago would have been considered as the privilege only of the highest names. But the change has been still more obvious in the hallowed garden of poetry; the richness of the soil had slept, but was not dead; and the moment it had ceased to be cut into serpentine and trodden into dust by the capricious and tasteless of the world, its old luxuriance rose up, and the first shower from above showed us what blooms and beauty might yet expand for our delight and wisdom. Fashion was the guide of the last age, Nature is the guide of

the present, and our progress must be from grandeur to grandeur; a keener sense of passion, a purer simplicity, a more comprehensive vision of nature, a more majestic, solemn, and sacred love of all things lovely, will be wrought upon us in that upward flight, and, like the translated Prophet, the spirit be made sublime in its ascent to receive the palm of immortality. But this change is yet in its infancy; it has not conquered the Stage, and dramatic character has not assumed the vigour and plainness of truth; the sentiment of the drama is affectation, its story commonplace and improbable confusion, and its language feeble inanity or swollen exaggeration. The reform must make its way there; and when it does, it must produce results of eminent power. The whole of that vast and fluctuating expanse, always at the mercy of the popular breath, must be heaved at once under the descent of that "rushing, mighty wind" of Genius. The object of the Stage is single—the possession of the public mind. It may attempt this object in a thousand directions, but the same impulse urges all its currents. The contemplative poet may find his delight and his reward in the mere effort of his imagination; the poet of the drama must find them in the approval of the multitude. He cannot retire like Prospero, and in solitude exult in his lonely supremacy; his sceptre is of this world, he exercises a social influence or none; his spirits are shapes of surpassing power, but they are not to be suffered to linger away their beauty and their songs upon evening clouds, they must stoop upon men, pass into human forms, be the movers of human hearts, and triumph by the living and hourly passions of our nature. The time for exhibiting those superb influences on the dramatic mind of England has not yet come; but when it does, its signs will not be mistaken. The Stage wants a great poet, but he must be of a mind distinct from those which have in latter years attained the highest place in poetry. He must have the power of conceiving passion in all its phases, from the full

diffusion and splendour of the heroic heart, down to the gloom and narrowness of crime and malignity; he must be neither the monotonous detailer of his own miseries, nor the bitter calumniator of all other men's virtues; he must be neither prejudiced nor profligate, nor with a vulgar irreverence for things holy, combining a venomous contempt for man. On the other hand, he must be mentally a citizen of the world, not restrained by his knowledge to a particular spot, until it usurps his imagination; not bound hand and foot in the chain of nationality, not substituting minuteness of description for depth of sentiment, but a genius uniting the powers of both; and thus superior to both, penetrating into the darker recesses of our nature, without soiling his plume, and collecting all its exterior and coloured beauty in his gaze, without retarding his flight or stooping from his elevation. The Poems to which we now demand the public attention, are in the taste of the Elizabethan age; but as they have not been written with a view to the Stage, they are not to be judged as evidences of the dramatic talents of their author. As poems, they seem to us full of the sweetness, tenderness, and delicacy, of the old writers, and decidedly of a higher rank than those of any of their modern followers. The principal part of this little volume consists of dialogues in blank verse, founded on Italian story; the remainder is filled up with miscellaneous poetry; and both give us the impression of a mind eminently rich in its knowledge of the finest era of the English mind, and adopting its passionate vigour and solemn romance, and quaint and high wrought language, with delightful fidelity. We make the extracts as they follow in the volume, and confine ourselves to a few, which less give an idea of the beauty than of the peculiarity of the style. Our first is from "*The Two Dreams*," a sketch from *Boccacio*; the subject is unusually simple. A lady of Brescia, related a frightful dream to her husband; he ridiculed her alarm, and, in relating his own dream, died.

ANDREANA, GABRIELLO. (*A Garden.*)

And. But laugh at me now, dear. I have had
A horrid dream : methought we lay together,
A sultry night, and overhead the stars
Went rolling 'round and 'round the moonless skies :
The noise they uttered in their rushing course
Was like a serpent's hiss.—Look there, Gabriello,
Orion's centre star mov'd then.

Gab. Away,
You idle girl.

And. Keep your eye fix'd.

Gab. Go on.

And. Well !—I was lying then, as I am now,
Within your arms. How sweet Love's pillow is !
I looked at you and smiled : I spoke, but you
Were silent as from fear, and now and then
Heaved a deep sigh and trembled : Still the stars
Went 'round and 'round, their circles lessening
At each revolve :—At last one reached the point
Right o'er your head, and sank—another came
And sank in darkness—then another died.
Orb after orb came rolling in its round,
As though impelled within your influence, and
Died like the first.—Saturn alone (he was
Your natal star) blazed sullenly aloof :
At last he stagger'd with a hideous noise,
As though a globe were cracking, and his rings
Shook, and look'd white about him, and a light
Came streaming from his sphere.—But why tell this ?
He died with the rest, at last :—Then I—

Gab. Awoke ?

And. No, no—Would that I had : Now listen, love !
Attentive too.

Gab. I rest upon your words :
You tell a dream so prettily.

And. I thought
That when the last star died, a thundering sound
Was heard i' the air,—like groans, and horrid
 laughs,
And shrieks and syllables—in an unknown tongue.
And over us, vast wings, that might have borne
The lost archangel in his wanderings,
Floated—and once they touched me, (but you lay
Beside me, so I felt no fear.)

The next is in a more polished and
Corinthian spirit : it is entitled Ludovico
Sforza, and alludes to his passion for
the princess Isabella, wife of his nephew
Galeazzo the Duke of Milan.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

DUKE OF MILAN, LUDOVICO SFORZA.

Duke. And this proud Lady, was she chaste as fair ?

Sforza. Pure as the flame that burns on Dian's
 altar,

And lovely as the morning.—Oh ! she stood
Like one of those bright shapes of fabling Greece,
(Born of the elements,) which, as they tell,
Woo'd mortals to their arms. A form more beautiful
(Houri or child o' the air) ne'er glanced upon
A poet's dream, nor in Arabian story
Gave promise of that vaunted paradise.
Not they, who, from the stars, look watchfully
Upon the deeds of men, and oft, 'tis said,
Dart, like a vapour from their wheeling orbs,

In streaming splendour hither, to redress
Or guide, were lovelier. Her voice was sweet
And full of music, and did bear a charm,
Like numbers floating from the breathed flute,
Caught afar off,—and which the idle winds
Of June, through wantonness at eve, do fling
O'er banks and beds of flowers.....

Duke. What ! have you done, my lord ?

Sforza. Extravagant boy,
Art not content ? Well, I could say for ever.
Her step ? 'twas light as Dian's, when she tripp'd
Amidst her frolic nymphs, laughing, or when
Just risen from the bath, she fled in sport
Round oaks and sparkling fountains,
Chased by the wanton Oreades : Her brow
Pale as Athenian marble, but around it
Grew fillets, like the raven's wing : Her mouth
(Jove would have kissed 't) did keep as prisoners
Within its perfum'd gates, pearls more rich
Than Cleopatra got from Antony :
Her eyes, and one might look on them at times,
In lustre did outvie that Egyptian queen,
When, on the Cydnus' banks, in pride, she stuck
Rare gems (each one a province) in her hair,
And bade the Roman worship her.

Duke. And she
Is dead ?

Lysander and Ione is founded on the
old Grecian superstition, of the love of
superior beings for mortals. Our extract
here is of some length, from the extreme
elegance and mystic beauty of the con-
ception and the language.

LYSANDER, IONE. (*A Wood.*)

Lys. Oh ! well ; your eye doth tell it. We will
 meet

To-morrow early : and I'll show you all
The secrets of the forest. Every dell
And shady nook and cave, o'ergrown by leaves,
We'll visit ; and, perhaps, we may surprise
A wood nymph sleeping.

Ione. This to me ?

Lys. Why—yes :
For then I'll shew to you what charms I can
Gaze at, unheeding.

Ione. No, no.

Lys. Yes, you will :
And I will be your guard, my beauty : aye,
And, as we ramble thro' the wood, I'll teach
How you may shun the briery paths, and pass
The thorn untouched ; and you shall see me take
The monster thistle by the beard (lest it
Should harm *you*) and we'll hearken to the song
Of the shrill, mounting, lark : list ! our own bird,
The nightingale, petitions you : her voice
Was ever resistless : now you'll come ?

Ione. No.

Lys. Yes.

Ione. Be not too sure, Lysander,—Foolish boy !
To give your heart to me—to me who am
A spirit of the element.

Lys. You are
A goddess to my gaze ; and you shall be
Queen o' the elements.

Ione. Nay, but I am

One of old Nereus' daughters, youth, and live
Within the seas; (albeit at times, I stray
Amongst your woods and fountains;) my green
home

Is where the mariner's plummet never sounded—
Beneath the fathomless deep. The dolphins there
Sport not, nor dares the huge leviathan
Lash with his sinewy arms the waters, which
Form temples, and towers, and pillars, and crystal
shrines,

And sparry caverns where the sea-maids hide,
And homes for all the ocean deities.
It is a sacred place, and beautiful;
Such as you see in dreams, when hope is fresh,
And sleep both charms and cherishes.

Lys. Pretty maid!

This is the gayest tale—

Ione. Believe 't, Lysander.

But come—as you have loved me long, have you
Not framed a song for me? Have you not sung
O' nights by sparkling streams, and vow'd my face
Was clear as Dian's?

Lys. Often—often—

Ione. Indeed!—

What did you call me?—Ah! shame on you: well,
Call me—Ione.

Lys. Sweet Ione! Fair

And beautiful Ione! oh, but cold
As your blue element, when the wintry moon
Hovers abov't: Ione—what a name!
And it is yours?

Ione. Aye, youth! and you must sing
One of your forest songs to it.

Lys. Then listen,

And lay your white arm 'midst the branches—thus:
(Sweet contrast!) and your head against this trunk;
And clear your marble forehead from those thick
And shadowy tresses. So—your eye bent tow'rd's me
—How bright it is! and like the glowworm's light
Shines most, methinks, in darkness. Listen now;
But 'tis a melancholy song: 'twas framed
When once I thought I had lost you—

Now, by Night!

I swear I love thee, delicate Ione!

And when I press my pillow ('tis a grave)

My soul is sick with love. My brain

Teems with strange phantasies. If I sleep,

Thou, like a spirit from the stars,
Standest before me. I have seen thee come
In pale and shadowy beauty,
And, floating between me and the cloudless moon,
Stretch forth thy white arms, that (like silver vapours)
Scarcely dull'd the planet's brightness.
And thou didst smile, and breathe upon my heart,
As if to heal the scars of sorrow—
('Twas like Arabian sweets, but cold as death.)

I lov'd thee, fair Ione!

Not as a lover; nor as parent—friend—
Brother—or child. It was a feeling
Sacred—and strange—unearthly; born
Of some unutterable fancy, that,
Like an intense beam o' the meridian sun,
Shot on my brain.

I thought thou wast my better angel, doom'd
To guide me through this solitary life,
To some far-off immortal place,
Where spirits of good assemble, to keep watch
Till the foundations of the earth shall fail.
—I lov'd thee as became mortality
Glancing at heaven,
And earthly feelings never mingled with,
Or marred my love celestial.

But thou art gone—

And now I choose to wander when the winds
Chase the dark clouds away at dead midnight;
For then methinks I see thee.
I love to lie by waterfalls,
And mark the sheeted silver roll away,
Rich as Dorado's paradise;
Or listen to its distant music,
When through the piny forest I do take
My solitary way:
And then at times I commune with thee;
And thou, Ione! dost thou not, oh! say't,
Bequeath soft messages for me
Unto the dark boughs of the shaking pines?

Ione is subdued by this song, which
we think of the true captivation for a
nymph of the wild loveliness "o' the
forest forms."

To be concluded in our next.

MAD-HOUSE AT AVERSA.*

From the Literary Gazette, June 1819.

THIS establishment will in a very short time be classed among the principal institutions of useful arts and manufactures. M. Linguiti, director of this hospital, which is the only one of its kind in Europe, makes continued experiments to cure these unhappy people, from which he always obtains the result, that moderate work, combined

with agreeable amusement, is the best means. For this reason there is at present in this house a printing office, where several works have already been printed, and at which many of these unhappy people are employed. Others, who after the paroxysm is over recover for a short time the use of their reason, are engaged in making translations from the English and French into the Italian language. Besides this, many are occupied with music, others with husbandry

* In the kingdom of Naples. For a very interesting account of this establishment, see *Atheneum*, vol. 4, page 96.

and various other works, but particularly so in a manufactory of woollen cloth.

By these means, this miserable class of people, once an incumbrance to their families and the state, become useful to society, and put many idlers to the blush. This kind of treatment is introduced not only in the hospital for male patients, but also in that of the women. M. Linguiti manages the whole establishment with wise economy. The table is always served with silver, and

the whole house is handsomely fitted up, so that wherever the inhabitants turn their eyes they find something to relieve the mind. Formerly the windows were secured with irons bars, but instead of this, there are now flowers curiously made of iron, and painted from nature, as if growing, which remove every idea of forced confinement. A handsome domain adjoining the hospital serves for the recreation of the patients.

From the Literary Gazette, June 1819.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES, BY MADAME DURAND.

LONDON 1819.

NAPOLÉON had his moments of gaiety, though it was manifested in a very singular way; namely, by pulling the ears and pinching the cheeks and arms of those he loved, and occasionally by boxing their ears. Duroc, Berthier, Savary, and a few of his aides-de-camp, frequently received these salutations, accompanied by the epithets, *grosse, bête bûtor*, &c. and all with the utmost good humour. This species of familiarity appeared very strange to Maria-Louisa, particularly when it happened to be directed to her. The Emperor was frequently present at her toilette, and never failed to give her some of these marks of friendship. One day he happened to pinch her arm rather more violently than he probably intended. She rose, and uttered a shriek. Napoleon, without being disconcerted, gave her a more gentle pinch on the other arm, called her *grosse bête*, embraced her, and in this manner peace was concluded. Madame de Montebello was perhaps the only individual of the court who ventured to manifest any disapproval when the Emperor took similar liberties with her.

One day, as he entered the apartments of the Empress, he observed a young lady seated with her back towards the door. He beckoned to those who saw him to be silent, and advancing softly to the back of her chair, he placed his hands over her eyes. She knew of no one who was likely to behave in this fa-

miliar way except M. Bourdier, an old and respectable man, attached to the Empress's household in quality of chief physician, and she immediately concluded it was he. "Have done, then, M. Bourdier," she exclaimed; "do you think I don't know your great ugly hands!" "Great ugly hands!" repeated the Emperor, restoring the use of her eyes, "you are hard to please, Madam!" The poor young lady, overwhelmed with confusion, withdrew to an adjoining apartment.

Napoleon took great pleasure in embarrassing those with whom he conversed, and in asking captious questions, in order to throw them in confusion. To him this was easy, for he possessed a superficial knowledge of every thing; there was no art or science on which he could not discourse, and of which he had not acquired a few technical terms. To display more knowledge than the person whom he interrogated, on a subject with which the latter ought to have been particularly acquainted, was a triumph of which he never failed to avail himself, and he mercilessly took advantage of the embarrassment and timidity to which his presence occasionally gave rise. A short time after the promulgation of the code which bears his name, he signed the marriage contract for the daughter of Doctor Boyer, his principal surgeon: "This contract is of course drawn up according to the custom of Paris?" said the Emperor to the notary

who presented it. 'No Sire,' replied the latter, 'it is according to the Napoleon Code.' He had sufficient presence of mind to perceive the snare that was laid for him; had he answered in the affirmative, the Emperor would not have failed to observe that the Napoleon Code had abrogated the custom of Paris.

We shall only add one anecdote more, as it relates to a general and notorious tool of Buonaparte, who (we see by the daily papers) has just arrived at Gravesend from Malta, in consequence of some quarrel he has had on that island. Of this worthy, said Napoleon,

"I love Savary, for if I should order him to murder his father and mother, I believe he would do so." But though this language shewed that he regarded him as a necessary instrument of his power, yet it did not prove that he esteemed him.

BUONAPARTE IN ST. HELENA.

LONDON 1819. 8vo.

THIS work is ascribed to the pen of Mr. Theodore Hooke, and bears many marks of that gentleman's talent, being playfully argumentative and humorously severe. The anonymous author informs us that his visit to St. Helena was purely accidental; and that while on the island, he determined to examine minutely and ascertain for himself, whether or not there was any foundation for those aspersions on British humanity, which have been so copiously promulgated by the prisoner and his adherents, Las Casas, Santini, Gorgaud, O'Meara, and others.

"The account Las Casas gives of Longwood is preeminently absurd. The raging wind of which he speaks, is the refreshing South-East Trade, which renders the climate healthy and temperate; and the blights which accrue to the vegetation from its parching effects, exhibit their influence in a most surprising manner, in the luxuriant produce of a Kitchen-garden; which, although the Count affirms "that no such convenient appendage ever could be established at Longwood," covers at this moment

about three or four acres of ground, within two hundred yards of the house."

Of the health of the prisoner, the author also speaks in terms widely different from his predecessors on the other side of the question:—

"With the state of Buonaparte's health, it was my active endeavour to make myself as well acquainted as possible; and I had the satisfaction of having a positive declaration made to me in Longwood House, that he had never been in better health since his arrival, than he was at the time I was there. I saw him twice. The trick of standing with his hands in his breeches pockets he almost invariably adopts, rarely altering their position, except to take snuff, or place them in the pockets of his coat. The strong peculiarity in his appearance, which strikes every beholder, arises from the almost preternatural size of his head, relatively to his body and limbs. On the 10th of November he was in the varhandba adjoining his billiard-room, with a red night-cap on his head; and on the 12th of the same month, was walking and whistling in the same place, with every appearance of excellent spirits:—he did not come into the garden, because it was not his policy.

"This policy of his, of which he speaks openly, and of which Bertrand and Montholon speak openly too, is the most downright, and least artificial piece of chicanery he ever adopted. All the fabrications about the pains on his chest, and the swellings of his legs, are so many political stage tricks, to keep alive the attention of *his half of the world*, and induce, if possible, the great event—*removal*."

"The warm bath in which Buonaparte stews himself, as it were, for hours together, and the abandonment of exercise, might, in an unhealthy situation, have enervated and emaciated him; but the excellence of the climate has maliciously defeated all his efforts to become interesting; and in spite of his exertions, a more ungraceful, thick-legged, fat little fellow, never existed on the face of the earth."—*Lit. Gaz.* June 1819.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

MISSION FROM CAPE COAST CASTLE TO ASHANTEE, WITH A STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF THAT KINGDOM, AND GEOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF OTHER PARTS OF THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA. BY T. EDWARD BOWDICH, ESQ. CONDUCTOR. London 1819. (CONTINUED.)

From the Literary Gazette.

THE following passages illustrate some of the most remarkable peculiarities at Ashantee.

“June 21. Bundalahenna, one of the King’s uncles, begged him for permission to go and make custom for some relatives whom he had lost in the last Fantee war, as he feared their spirits were beginning to trouble him. The King subscribed four ounces of gold, two ankers of rum, one barrel of powder, and four human victims for sacrifice, towards this custom.

— — — — —
“28th. Apokoo, one of the four greatest men in the kingdom, hearing his mother’s sister was dead, killed a slave before his house, and proceeded to her croom to sacrifice many more, and celebrate her funeral custom; but, when he found, on opening her boxes, that the old woman from her dislike of him, had thrown almost all her rock gold into the river, and that he should only inherit a number of hungry slaves, he sacrificed but one more victim, and made but a very mean custom.

— — — — —
“August 25. The King received us in the market-place, and enquiring anxiously if we had breakfasted, ordered refreshment. After some conversation we were conducted to a house prepared for our reception, where a relish was served (sufficient for an army) of soups, stews, plantains, yams, rice, &c. (all excellently cooked) wine, spirits, oranges, and every fruit. The messengers, soldiers, and servants, were distinctly provided for. Declining the offer of beds, we walked out in the town, and conversed and played drafts with the Moors, who were reclining under trees; the King joined us with cheerful affability, and seemed to have forgotten his cares. About two o’clock dinner was announced. We had been taught to

prepare for a surprise, but it was exceeded. We were conducted to the eastern side of the croom, to a door of green reeds, which excluded the crowd, and admitted us through a short avenue to the King’s garden, an area equal to one of the largest squares in London. The breezes were strong and constant. In the centre, four large umbrellas of new scarlet cloth were fixed, under which was the King’s dining-table (heightened for the occasion) and covered in the most imposing manner; his massy plate was well disposed, and silver forks, knives, and spoons (Colonel Torrane’s) were plentifully laid. The large silver waiter supported a roasting pig in the centre; the other dishes on the table were roasted ducks, fowls, stews, pease-pudding, &c. &c. On the ground on one side of the table were various soups, and every sort of vegetable; and, elevated parallel with the other side, were oranges, pines, and other fruits; sugar-candy, Port and Madeira wine, spirits and Dutch cordials, with glasses. Before we sat down the King met us, and said, that as we had come out to see him, we must receive the following present from his hands, 2 oz. 4 ackies of gold, one sheep and one large hog to the officers, 10 ackies to the linguists, and 5 ackies to our servants.

“We never saw a dinner more handsomely served, and never ate a better. On our expressing our relish, the King sent for his cooks, and gave them ten ackies. The King and a few of his captains sat at a distance, but he visited us constantly, and seemed quite proud of the scene; he conversed freely, and expressed much satisfaction at our toasts. “The King of Ashantee, the King of England, the Governor, the King’s Captains, a perpetual union (with a speech, which is the sine qua non)

and the handsome women of England and Ashantee." After dinner, the King made many enquiries about England, and retired, as we did, that our servants might clear the table, which he insisted on. When he returned, some of the wine and Dutch cordials remaining, he gave them to our servants to take with them, and ordered the table-cloth to be thrown to them and all the napkins. A cold pig, cold fows (with six that had not been dressed) were dispatched to Coomassie for our supper. We took leave about five o'clock, the King accompanying us to the end of the croom, where he took our hands, and wished us good night. We reached the capital again at six, much gratified by our excursion and treatment."

This was an excursion to the king's country house at Sallagha, a few miles from Coomassie, and really so much resembles altogether the ages of chivalrous entertainment, that we can hardly believe we are reading of a Negro Prince in the wilds of Africa.

Other curious anecdotes of twenty and thirty years ago will serve to illustrate the dreadful customs of these savages.

"The government finding a pretext to invade Banda, the King Odrasee vigorously opposed the Ashantee army; but at length, seeing he must inevitably fall into their hands, to prevent his head being found, which circumstance he knew would sorely disquiet the enemy, and solace his own people, ordered, just before he killed himself, a woman to be sacrificed, and the abdomen being ripped, his head to be sewn up within it, and her body afterwards to be buried in the heap of the slain. It was discovered by bribes, and is now one of the King's great drums.

"On the death of the late King of Amanaheä, two competitors for the stool appeared, one called Suikée or Suiquah; the other's name I am ignorant of. Both collected their slaves and adherents, and fought. Suikée was obliged to fly, and hide himself in the bush; but the people being dissatis-

fied with the conqueror, Suikée reappeared against the town. When his rival was reduced beyond all hope, he threw all his gold, which filled several jars, into the lake; and then collecting his wives and the different branches of his family, went with them into a remote part of the bush, and cut all their throats, with the exception of one son, whom he reserved to assist him in burying the bodies. He then made his son swear on his fetish, to kill and bury him, and never to discover where the bodies were laid: the son fulfilled the oath, and returned to Apollonia, but I am not certain what became of him. After Suikée had seated himself firmly on the stool, he by some means discovered where the bodies were concealed; he caused them to be dug up, and taken to Apollonia town; he then ranged them in a sitting posture, in a row along the beach, with stakes to extend their arms, and support their heads: this horrid spectacle was exhibited until even their bones had perished. One of Suikée's first acts after his accession, was to consecrate his hiding place in the bush, making it death, or a heavy fine, for any one to swear by Suikée's bush, and not to keep the oath."

— — — — —
Their barbarities in war are shocking to humanity.

"Several of the hearts of the enemy are cut out by the fetish men who follow the army, and the blood and small pieces being mixed (with much ceremony and incantation) with various consecrated herbs, all those who have never killed an enemy before eat a portion, for it is believed that if they did not, their vigour and courage would be secretly wasted by the haunting spirit of the deceased. It was said that the King and all the dignitaries partook of the heart of any celebrated enemy; this was only whispered; that they wore the smaller joints, bones, and the teeth, of the slain monarchs, was evident as well as boasted. One man was pointed out to me, as always eating the heart of the enemy he killed with his own hand. The number of an army is ascertained or preserved in cowries or coin by Apokoo.

When a successful general returns, he waits about two days at a short distance from the capital, to receive the King's compliments, and to collect all the splendour possible for his entrée, to encourage the army and infatuate the people. The most famous generals are distinguished by the addition of warlike names, more terrific than glorious, as they designate their manner of destroying their prisoners. Apokoo was called Aboäwassa, because he was in the habit of cutting off their arms. Appia, Sheäboo, as he beats their heads in pieces with a stone. Amanqua, Abiniowa, as he cuts off their legs.

"The army is prohibited during the active part of a campaign, from all food but meal, which each man carries in a small bag at his side, and mixes in his hands with the first water he comes to; this, they allege, is to prevent cooking fires from betraying their position, or anticipating a surprise. In the intervals,

(for this meal is seldom eaten more than once a day) they chew the boossee or gooroo nut. This meal is very nourishing, and soon satisfies; we tried it on our march down. Ashantee spies have been stationed three and four days in the high trees overlooking Cape Coast Castle, with no other supply than this meal and a little water, before the army has shewn itself. There is always a distinct body of recruits with the army, to dispatch those with their knives whom the musket has only wounded, and they are all expected to return well armed from despoiling the enemy, or they are not esteemed of promise, and dismissed to some servile occupation. I could not find that they had any idea of fortifications, though undoubtedly common to the large cities on the Niger."

There are yet so many curious particulars in this volume, that we must say

(To be continued.)

MAZEPPA.

OF Mazeppa, the hero of Lord Byron's new poem, M. Lesur gives an interesting account in his *Histoire des Cosaques*. He was born in the Palatinate of Podolia, of a good family, and was page to Jean Casimir, King of Poland. He had received at the court of that prince some knowledge of the belles lettres; the graces of his manners and of his person introduced him to the house of a man of rank, whose wife became enamoured of him. The husband having surprised them, scourged Mazeppa cruelly, tied him on a wild horse, and let him loose among the Steppes of the Ukraine; and thus this unfortunate young criminal was carried off into the Desert. A peasant came to his assistance; his health, broken down by fatigue, was re-established, and he enrolled himself among the Cossacks. He was

soon distinguished by his bravery, and still more by his intelligence: ---was appointed Aide-de-Camp of Samoïlowitch, the Hettman, and, on their return from the Expedition to the Crimea, the ungrateful Aide-de-Camp, taking the part of the accusers of his benefactor, was unanimously elected in his place, while his predecessor was sent to Siberia. Like the Turkish princes, Mazeppa's ambition was not satisfied until the two sons of Samoïlowitch were sacrificed to his suspicions. He cut off the head of the elder, who had, by his father's orders, gone in pursuit of the Tartars on the other side of the Borysthenes; and sent the younger to Siberia. These acts of injustice disgusted even his partisans; they proved that turbulence of character, ingratitude, and jealousy, which degraded his fine qualities, and were,

no doubt, the ultimate cause of his ruin.

Mazeppa took part with Charles XII. in the war against Peter the Great, was present with a small troop of Cossacks at the battle of Pultawa; and after that celebrated defeat, retired with the Swedish monarch to Bender. It is doubtful whether he poisoned himself or died of sorrow, while in the Turkish dominions. He was said to be 80 years old at the period of his death (which happened about a century ago,) and, notwithstanding his crimes and misfortunes, was greatly lamented by the Cossacks, was honoured with a magnificent funeral, and may be said to have died with the independence of his people.

The amour in the early part of his life forms the subject of Lord Byron's Poem---to whose vivid pen the result of lawless love, the romantic punishment of the wild horse, and the adventures in the Steppes, offer materials of powerful interest and effect.—*Lit. Gaz.* June 12.

Having anticipated the story of Mazeppa from the *Histoire des Cosaques*, we have now nothing to detain us from the poem which Lord Byron has given to the world on that subject. The noble author's estimation as a man of genius and a poet, is not to be decided by any new work which he may choose to put forth, and perhaps it is well for him to be so firmly established in his station on Parnassus, before he ventures to sport his fame upon performances such as this, which may be reckoned a light amour with a muse, but is destitute of the vigorous character of true love and the deep glowing of legitimate affection.

Critics are but reapers in the fields of literature : we put our

sickle into every man's corn, and bind up our sheaf with the produce of others. The golden grain and the chaff, the harvesting for the barn, and the stubble for consuming fire, are presented to us with equal pretensions, and we are conscious of at once the delicacy and the difficulty which attend the task of fairly appreciating their relative value, and separating the sterling from the worthless. Where opinions are so various, no judgment can be infallible.---We deem this prelude necessary, because we are compelled to speak of Mazeppa as of an indifferent composition ; far below the level of Lord Byron's reputation.----The author seems to us to have lost much of his large command of the English language ; and we should not be surprized that such, to a certain degree, were the effect of a residence abroad, where the ear becomes accustomed to foreign accents, and the imagination to a foreign style ; and those fresh and definite impressions in which the essence of poetry consists, become gradually, though imperceptibly, less distinct, till they are entirely defaced. A single bad rhyme, or a solitary expletive, we should mark as a blemish in a bard like Lord Byron ; and Mazeppa has several bad rhymes, and many poor expletives. Nor does it possess Childe Harold's vigour of intellect, powerful delineation of character, deep tone of morbid passion, or interest of adventure to atone for its defects : written in a humour between grave and gay, neither tragic nor comic, a mule and mongrel between Beppo and the Bride of Abydos :---in these lines, Charles XII. ceases to be a hero, and the hardy god-father of the tale is little better than a gossip.

An ode to Venice, to which the writer certainly owed some tribute for having enervated his muse, and an unmeaning fragment of a tale of the Vampyre genus, without one of the Quintilian qualities, for it has neither beginning, middle, nor end, are annexed to eke out this publica-

tion. The former is remarkable for the party politics which it breathes ; but being spiritedly done, we shall copy it entire in our next number, and leave it, undefiled by criticism, to the consideration of our readers.---*Lit. Gaz.* July 3.

MAZEPPA.

A POEM. BY LORD BYRON.

I.

TWAS after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had passed to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name ;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one--a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die ;
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood ;
For thousands fell that flight to aid :
And not a voice was heard t'upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,
When truth had nought to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own--and died the Russians' slave.
This too sinks after many a league
Of well sustain'd, but vain fatigue ;
And in the depth of forests, darkling
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling--
The beacons of surrounding foes--
A king must lay his limbs at length. 30
Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength ?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In out-worn nature's agony ;
His wounds were stiff--his limbs were stark--
The heavy hour was chill and dark ;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid :
And thus it was ; but yet through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall, 40
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will ;
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs!--alas ! how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it ; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous ; upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed, 50
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.

Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade--
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,
The Ukraine's hetman, calm and bold ;
But first, outspent with this long course,
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane, 60
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
And joy'd to see how well he fed ;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath she midnight dews :
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board ;
But spirited and docile too ;
Whate'er was to be done, would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb, 70
All Tartar-like he carried him ;
Obey'd his voice, and came at call,
And knew him in the midst of all :
Though thousands were around,--and Night
Without a star, pursued her flight,--
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good 80
The long day's march had well withstood--
If still the powder fill'd the pan,
And flints unloosen'd kept their lock--
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt--
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can,
Prepared and spread his slender stock ;
And to the monarch and his men
The whole or portion offer'd then 90
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe ;--
And then he said--" Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done 100
Than thee, Mazeppa ! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou :
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield
For pricking on o'er flood and field."

Mazeppa answer'd—"Ill betide
The school wherein I learned to ride!"
Quoth Charles—"Old Hetman, wherefore so,
Since thou hast learned the art so well?" 110
Mazeppa said—"Twere long to tell;
And we have many a league to go
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease
Beyond the swift Borysthènes:
And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop."—"But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, "thou wilt tell 120
This tale of thine, and I may reap,
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep,
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."

"Well, sire, with such a hope, I'll track
My seventy years of memory back:
I think 'twas in my twentieth spring,—
Ay, 'twas,—when Casimir was king—
John Casimir,—I was his page
Six summers in my earlier age;
A learned monarch, faith! was he,
And most unlike your majesty:
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again;
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)
He reign'd in most unseemly quiet;
Not that he had no cares to vex,
He loved the muses and the sex;
And sometimes these so froward are,
They made him wish himself at war;
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took
Another mistress, or new book:
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
To gaze upon his splendid court,
And names, and chiefs, of princely port:
He was the Polish Solomon,
So sung his poets, all but one,
Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
And boasted that he could not flatter. 150
It was a court of jousts and mimes,
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
Even I for once produced some verses,
And sign'd my odes, Despising Thyrsis.
There was a certain Palatine,
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;*
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent:
He had such wealth in blood and ore 160
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost look'd like want of head,
He thought their merits were his own.
His wife was not of his opinion—
His junior she by thirty years—
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears. 170
To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances,
Those happy accidents which render
The coldest dames so very tender,
To deck her Count with titles given,
'Tis said, as passports into heaven;

* This comparison of a "salt mine" may perhaps be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the salt mines.

But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of those who have deserved them most. 180

V.

"I was a goodly stripling then;
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few, or boys or men,
Who, in my dawning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree,
Could vie in vanities with me;
For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
A port, not like to this ye see,
But smooth, as all is rugged now;
For time, and care, and war, have plough'd
My very soul from out my brow; 191
And thus I should be disavow'd
By all my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday;
This change was wrought, too, long ere age
Had ta'en my features for his page:
With years, ye know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree, 200
With starless skies my canopy.
But let me on: Theresa's form—
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm;
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well:
She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood, 210
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moonrise at midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.
A brow like a midsummer lake, 220
Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
And heaven beholds her face within.
A cheek and lip—but why proceed?
I loved her then—I love her still;
And such as I am, love indeed
In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
But still we love even in our rage,
And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the past, 230
As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd,
She did not speak, and yet replied;
There are ten thousand tones and signs
We hear and see, but none defines—
Involuntary sparks of thought,
Which strike from out the heart o'erwrought,
And form a strange intelligence,
Alike mysterious and intense,
Which link the burning chain that binds, 240
Without their will, young hearts and minds;
Conveying, as the electric wire,
We know not how, the absorbing fire.—
I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
And still reluctant distance kept,
Until I was made known to her,
And we might then and there confer
Without suspicion—then, even then,
I long'd and was resolved to speak;
But on my lips they died again, 250
The accents tremulous and weak,
Until one hour,—There is a game,

A frivolous and foolish play,
 Wherewith we while away the day;
 It is---I have forgot the name---
 And we to this, it seems were set,
 By some strange chance, which I forget:
 I reck'd not if I won or lost,
 It was enough for me to be
 So near to hear, and oh! to see 260
 The being whom I lov'd the most---
 I watch'd her as a sentinel,
 (May ours this dark night watch as well!)
 Until I saw, and thus it was,
 That she was pensive, nor perceived
 Her occupation, nor was grieved
 Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
 Play'd on for hours, as if her will
 Yet bound her to the place, though not
 That her's might be the winning lot. 270
 Then through my brain the thought did pass,
 Even as a flash of lightning there,
 That there was something in her air
 Which would not doom me to despair;
 And on the thought my words broke forth,
 All incoherent as they were---
 Their eloquence was little worth,
 But yet she listen'd---'tis enough---
 Who listens once will listen twice;
 Her heart, be sure, is not of ice, 280
 And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

"I loved, and was beloved again---
 They tell me, Sire, you never knew
 Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,
 I shorten all my joy or pain;
 To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;
 But all men are not born to reign,
 Or o'er their passions, or as you
 Thus o'er themselves and nations too. 290
 I am---or rather was---a prince,
 A chief of thousands, and could lead
 Them on where each would foremost bleed;
 But could not o'er myself evince
 The like control---But to resume:
 I loved, and was beloved again;
 In sooth, it is a happy doom,
 But yet where happiest ends in pain---
 We met in secret, and the hour
 Which led me to that lady's bower
 Was fiery Expectation's dower. 300
 My days and nights were nothing---all
 Except that hour, which doth recal
 In the long lapse from youth to age
 No other like itself---I'd give
 The Ukraine back again to live
 It o'er once more---and be a page,
 The happy page, who was the lord
 Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
 And had no other gem nor wealth
 Save nature's gift of youth and health.---310
 We met in secret---doubly sweet,
 Some say, they find it so to meet;
 I know not that---I would have given
 My life but to have call'd her mine
 In the full view of earth and heaven;
 For I did oft and long repine
 That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

"For lovers there are many eyes,
 And such there were on us;---the devil
 On such occasions should be civil--- 320
 The devil!---I'm loth to do him wrong,
 It might be some untoward saint,
 Who would not beat rest too long,
 But to his pious bile gave vent---
 But one fair night, some lurking spies

Surprised and seized us both.
 The Count was something more than worth--
 I was unarm'd: but if in steel,
 All cap-à-pie from head to heel,
 What 'gainst their numbers could I do? 330
 ---'Twas near his castle, far away
 From city or from succour near,
 And almost on the break of day;
 I did not think to see another,
 My moments seem'd reduc'd to few;
 And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
 And, it may be, a saint or two,
 As I resign'd me to my fate,
 They led me to the castle gate:
 Theresa's doom I never knew, 340
 Our lot was henceforth separate---
 An angry man, ye may opine,
 Was he, the proud Count Palatine;
 And he had reason good to be,
 But he was most enraged lest such
 An accident should chance to touch
 Upon his future pedigree;
 Nor less amazed, that such a blot
 His noble 'scutcheon should have got, 350
 While he was highest of his line;
 Because unto himself he seem'd
 The first of men, nor less he deem'd
 In others' eyes, and most in mine.
 'Sdeath! with a page---perchance a king
 Had reconciled him to the thing;
 But with a stripling of a page---
 I felt---but cannot paint his rage.

IX.

"Bring forth the horse!---the horse was
 brought;
 In truth, he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, 360
 Who look'd as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled---
 'Twas but a day he had been caught;
 And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
 In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led:
 They bound me on, that menial throng, 370
 Upon his back with many a thong;
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash---
 Away!---away!---and on we dash!---
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

Away!---away!---My breath was gone---
 I saw not where he hurried on:
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
 And on he foam'd---away!---away!---
 The last of human sounds which rose, 380
 As I was darted from my foes,
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
 Which on the wind came roaring after
 A moment from that rabble rout:
 With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
 And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
 And, writhing half my form about,
 Howl'd back my curse! but 'midst the tread,
 The thunder of my courser's speed,
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed: 390
 It vexes me---for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again.
 I paid it well in after days:
 There is not of that castle gate,
 Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
 Nor of its fields a blade of grass,

Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass, 400
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again, 410
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I play'd them one as frank---
For time at last sets all thing even---
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven, 420
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind,
We speed like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light:
Town---village---none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent, 430
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:---
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by--- 440
I could have answer'd with a sigh---
But fast we fled, away, away---
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no---my bound and slender frame 450
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,---'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore, 460
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

XII.

"We near'd the wild wood---'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,---
But these were few and far between 470
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,

Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head, 480
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chesnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart---and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine---
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold---
My bonds forbade to loose my hold. 490
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood, 500
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish---if it must be so---
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed 510
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past---
Untried, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still---
A woman piqued---who has her will. 520

XIII.

"The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold---
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as a wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er:
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path, 430
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
Sprung from a race whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattle-snake's, in act to strike
What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground, 540
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throb'd awhile, then beat no more,
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies

Can die no more than then I died.
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
 I felt the blackness come and go, 550
 And strove to wake ; but could not make
 My senses climb up from below :
 I felt as on a plank at sea,
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
 At the same time upheave and whelm,
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
 My undulating life was as
 The fancied lights that flitting pass
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
 Fever begins upon the brain ; 560
 But soon it pass'd with little pain,
 But a confusion worse than such :
 I own that I should deem it much,
 Dying, to feel the same again ;
 And yet I do suppose we must
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust.
 No matter ; I have bared my brow
 Full in Death's face---before---and now.

XIV.

"My thoughts came back; where was I? Cold,
 And numb, and giddy; pulse by pulse 570
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,
 And throb by throb; till grown a pang
 Which for a moment would convulse,
 My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;
 My ear with uncouth noises rang,
 My heart began once more to thrill;
 My sight return'd, though dim: alas!
 And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
 There was a gleam too of the sky, 580
 Studded with stars;---it is no dream;
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
 The bright broad river's gushing tide
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
 And we are half-way, struggling o'er
 To yon unknown and silent shore.
 The waters broke my hollow trance,
 And with a temporary strength
 My stiffened limbs were rebaptized.
 My courser's broad breast proudly braves, 590
 And dashes off the ascending waves,
 And onward we advance!
 We reach the slippery shore at length,
 A haven I but little prized,
 For all behind was dark and drear,
 And all before was night and fear.
 How many hours of night or day
 In those suspended pangs I lay,
 I could not tell; I scarcely knew
 If this were human breath I drew. 600

XV.

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
 The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
 Up the repelling bank.
 We gain the top: a boundless plain
 Spreads through the shadow of the night,
 And onward, onward, onward, seems
 Like precipices in our dreams,
 To stretch beyond the sight;
 And here and there a speck of white, 610
 Or scattered spot of dusky green,
 In masses broke into the light,
 As rose the moon upon my right.
 But nought distinctly seen
 In the dim waste, would indicate
 The omen of a cottage gate;
 No twinkling taper from afar
 Stood like an hospitable star;
 Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
 To make him merry with my woes: 620

That very cheat had cheer'd me then!
 Although detected, welcome still,
 Reminding me, through every ill,
 Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

"Onward we went---but slack and slow;
 His savage force at length o'erspent,
 The drooping courser, faint and low,
 All feebly foaming went.
 A sickly infant had had power
 To guide him forward in that hour; 630
 But useless all to me.
 His new-born tameness nought avail'd,
 My limbs were bound; my force had fail'd,
 Perchance, had they been free.
 With feeble effort still I tried
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied---
 But still it was in vain;
 My limbs were only wrung the more,
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
 Which but prolong'd their pain; 640
 The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
 Although no goal was nearly won:
 Some streaks announced the coming sun---
 How slow, alas! he came!
 Methought that mist of dawning gray
 Would never dapple into day;
 How heavily it roll'd away---
 Before the eastern flame
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
 And call'd the radiance from their cars, 650
 And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
 With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

"Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd
 Back from the solitary world
 Which lay around---behind---before:
 What boot'd it to traverse o'er
 Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
 Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
 No sign of travel---none of toil: 660
 The very air was mute;
 And not an insect's shrill small horn,
 No matin bird's new voice was borne
 From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
 Panting as if his heart would burst,
 The weary brute still stagger'd on;
 And still we were---or seem'd---alone:
 At length, while reeling on our way,
 Methought I heard a courser neigh,
 From out yon tuft of blackening firs. 670
 It is the wind those branches stir?
 No, no! from out the forest prance
 A trampling troop; I see them come!
 In one vast squadron they advance!
 I strove to cry---my lips were dumb.
 The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
 But where are they the reins to guide?
 A thousand horse---and none to ride!
 With flowing tail, and flying mane,
 Wide nostrils---never stretch'd by pain, 680
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod.
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
 Came thickly thundering on,
 As if our faint approach to meet;
 The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
 A moment, with a faint low neigh, 690
 He answered, and then fell;
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
 And reeking limbs immoveable,

His first and last career is done!
 On came the troop---they saw him stoop,
 They saw me strangely bound along
 His back with many a bloody thong;
 They stop---they start---they snuff the air,
 Gallop a moment here and there,
 Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
 Then plunging back with sudden bound, 700
 Headed by one black mighty steed,
 Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
 Without a single speck or hair
 Of white upon his shaggy hide;
 They snort---they foam---neigh---swerve aside,
 And backward to the forest fly,
 By instinct, from a human eye,---
 They left me there, to my despair,
 Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch, 710
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
 Relieved from that unwonted weight,
 From whence I could not extricate
 Nor him nor me---and there we lay,
 The dying on the dead!
 I little deem'd another day
 Would see my houseless, helpless head.

And there from morn till twilight bound,
 I felt the heavy hours toil round, 720
 With just enough of life to see,
 My last of suns go down on me,
 In hopeless certainty of mind,
 That makes us feel at length resigned
 To that which our foreboding years
 Presents the worst and last of fears
 Inevitable---even a boon,
 Nor more unkind for coming soon;
 Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
 As if it only were a snare
 That prudence might escape: 730
 At times both wish'd for and implored,
 At times sought with self-pointed sword,
 Yet still a dark and hideous close
 To even intolerable woes,
 And welcome in no shape.
 And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
 They who have revell'd beyond measure
 In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
 Die calm, or calmer, oft than he 740
 Whose heritage was misery;
 For he who hath in turn run through
 All that was beautiful and new,
 Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
 And, save the future, which is view'd
 Not quite as men are base or good,
 But as their nerves may be endued),
 With nought perhaps to grieve:---
 The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
 And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
 Appears, to his distemper'd eyes, 750
 Arriv'd to rob him of his prize,
 The tree of his new Paradise.
 To-morrow would have given him all,
 Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall;
 To-morrow would have been the first
 Of days no more deplored or curst,
 But bright and long, and beckoning years,
 Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
 Guerdon of many a painful hour;
 To-morrow would have given him power 760
 To rule, to shine, to smite, to save---
 And must it dawn upon his grave?

XVIII.

"The sun was sinking---still I lay
 Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed,
 I thought to mingle there our clay;
 And my dim eyes of death had need,
 No hope arose of being freed:

I cast my last looks up the sky,
 And there between me and the sun
 I saw the expecting raven fly, 770
 Who scarce would wait till both should die,
 Ere his repast begun;
 He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
 And each time nearer than before;
 I saw his wing through twilight flit,
 And once so near me he alit
 I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
 But the slight motion of my hand,
 And feeble scratching of the sand,
 The exerted throat's faint struggling noise, 780
 Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
 Together scared him off at length---
 I know no more---my latest dream
 Is something of a lovely star
 Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
 And went and came with wandering beam,
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
 Sensation of recurring sense,
 And then subsiding back to death,
 And then again a little breath, 790
 A little thrill, a short suspense,
 An icy thickness curdling o'er
 My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain---
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
 A sigh and nothing more.

XIX.

"I woke---Where was I?---Do I see
 A human face look down on me?
 And doth a roof above me close?
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 Is this a chamber where I lie? 800
 And is it mortal yon bright eye,
 That watches me with gentle glance?
 I clos'd my own again once more,
 As doubtful that the former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er.
 A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall;
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw 810
 A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free:
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be,---
 But that I lived, and was released
 From adding to the vulture's feast:
 And when the Cossack maid beheld
 My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
 She smiled---and I essay'd to speak,
 But fail'd---and she approached, and made 820
 With lip and finger signs that said,
 I must not strive as yet to break
 The silence, till my strength should be
 Enough to leave my accents free:
 And then her hand on mine she laid,
 And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,
 And gently oped the door, and spake
 In whispers---ne'er was voice so sweet!
 Even music follow'd her light feet;--- 830
 But those she call'd were not awake,
 And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
 Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say,
 That I had nought to fear, that all
 Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
 Her due return:---while she was gone,
 Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

"She came with mother and with sire--- 840
 What need of more?---I will not tire

With long recital of the rest,
 Since I became the Cossack's guest :
 They found me senseless on the plain---
 They bore me to the nearest hut---
 They brought me into life again---
 Me---one day o'er their realm to reign !
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
 His rage, refining on my pain,
 Sent me forth to the wilderness, 850
 Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
 To pass the desert to a throne,---
 What mortal his own doom may guess?---
 Let none despond, let none despair !
 To-morrow the Borysthenes
 May see our coursers gaze at ease

Upon this Turkish bank,---and never
 Had I such welcome for a river
 As I shall yield when safely there.
 Comrades, good night !---The Hetman 860
 threw
 His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
 With leafy couch already made,
 A bed nor comfortless nor new
 To him, who took his rest where'er
 The hour arrived, no matter where :---
 His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
 And if ye marvel Charles forgot
 To thank his tale, *he* wonder'd not,---
 The king had been an hour asleep.

SKETCHES OF A TOUR TO PARIS,

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1818.*

AT different places on the road we passed large crucifixes, which had been set up as tributes of superstition, to commemorate particular incidents. They were from six to ten feet high, and on some of them were exhibited disgusting naked figures. They reminded us of those scites in old English towns, designated by the name of "the Cross," parts of which are visible even at this day. I was told that, on the spots on which these French crosses are erected, some sudden death had taken place, or some murder or other crime had been committed. In Spain, where they infest every road, I am told, persons are expected to make a formal reverence to them ; and passengers riding must alight to perform this ceremony ; but in France the crosses appear to be disregarded or derided, except by children, and the lowest vulgar, whose estimation can be the subject of no just pride. During the revolution they were for the most part destroyed ; but, when Napoleon restored the influence of the priesthood, the crosses were also restored : and hence we found them in good order,—the crosses were fresh painted, of a black colour ; and the figures affixed to them in mockery of the Deity were in various lively colours.

I have already mentioned that the harness and tackle of the horses are made of ropes ; but this is not the only peculiarity. Many of the horses themselves, are not, as with us, deprived of their virility, and are as wild as though they had just been caught in a forest.

Hence they run from side to side, kick and neigh, creating constant disturbance and alarm ; but owing to the vigilance of the driver, they cause few accidents. The horse-collars and bridles form a singular feature of every French equipage. The former are made of wood, with high-flyers, or a sort of wings, projecting from the collar, often fantastically painted. On the collar covering the shoulders, and part of the neck, of the horse, is laid a full-curled sheep's-skin ; sometimes of its natural colour, but more often dyed of a blue or red colour. Nothing could be more preposterous, and nothing could prove more strongly how much man is the creature of unreasoning habit or instinct, than the use of those sheep-skins, while the thermometer was at 90° ; yet I saw them in every part of France, and in nearly every kind of carriage. The bridle is as clumsy as the collar, the straps being broad and thick, and the winkers and head-piece consisting of slips of dried skin, plaited over red cloth. These bridles of Normandy, many of which are also to be seen in Paris, enabled me more closely to identify the ancient royal bridle which I purchased a few years since at Purkis's cottage, on the spot in the New Forest, where William Rufus was killed. My bridle, worn by the horse of Rufus in 1100, proved to be a counterpart of these Norman bridles ; such is their antiquity, and such the force of that instinct, of which men as well as

* See page 384.

animals appear to be the patients, in spite of occasional scintillations of volition and reason. I was of course pleased at being thus able to verify the attestation of the honest charcoal-maker, who delivered the Rufus bridle to me as a relique which had been in the Purkis' family in the same house for above 700 years.

A few miles before we arrived at Rouen we descended into a valley, improved in cultivation, and studded with villages, large erections and churches. It reminded me of the manufacturing districts of Derbyshire, and it proved, on enquiry, to be the district which has given a manufacturing reputation to Rouen. Here I saw extensive ranges of buildings, which indicated the involvement of considerable capital, and the employment of a numerous population. Their general aspect, and their adjuncts of new cottages, and a swarming population, occasioned me to exclaim to my French companions, "*Ah ! voila l'Angleterre !*" at which they seemed piqued, for they had announced our approach to this improved region, and had expected a volley of those "*superbes*" and "*magnifiques*" with which I had often flattered them on other parts of the road.

Accustomed to value every social arrangement in the exact proportion in which it promotes human happiness, I did not partake in the vulgar pleasure which is always expressed in viewing a great manufactory. Proximately, they are so many seats of misery, vice, and disease ; and, while they combine great ingenuity in their details, they also combine, in their arrangements, all the social errors and unfeeling policy of selfish man.

The populous villages which line the roads through this busy and picturesque valley, are called Bassaume, Deville, and Malaumay ; and the chief manufacturers who occupy them are Messrs. Rawle, Adeline (Amand), Adeline (Benjamin), J. B. Pinel and Son, Ricard and Desmarests. Mr. Rawle, the chief of them, is an Englishman, and, I am told, one of the

most ingenious mechanics in Europe. In the time of Napoleon they afforded employment to nearly thirty thousand persons.

In passing through these villages, and in the several towns, I was struck with the superiority of the contrivances by which heavy loads are transported in France. Instead of placing them on the head, in the painful and dangerous manner commonly adopted in England, or in an awkward and irksome manner on the shoulders, the carrier is provided with a slight apparatus, sometimes formed of wood, like the frail used by glaziers in England, the ledge being broad enough to support a box or package ; or sometimes made of wicker-work, with a basket or cavity instead of a ledge. They are called *hottes*, and hence, probably, our English word *hod*, for the somewhat similar contrivance with which bricklayer's-labourers convey bricks and mortar. These *hottes* are fixed by a strap, passing round the shoulders, and it appeared to me that a man might carry double the weight with half the exertion that is required in England by the unskilful application of the head or shoulders. I conceive these *hottes* may be introduced with great advantage into England for similar purposes. They cost about twelve or fifteen shillings, and form the stock-in-trade of thousands of industrious persons.—One need not dwell on the evident anatomical and mechanical advantages of thus dividing a knot between a direct pressure from the straps on the shoulders, and on the inclined plane of the back ; the head, legs, and arms being, in this disposition of the load, perfectly at liberty, and much pain and distress being consequently saved to that class of our species who perform the useful duties of "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Nothing could be more imposing than our descent into the rich and populous city of Rouen ; the fine declivity of the road was planted on each side with suitable rows of stately trees, having walks between them for the use of the inhabitants. Being a fine evening,

and the population being drawn out to enjoy its refreshing coolness, the entrance of the town resembled, in population, the swarms depicted in the engravings which accompany the account of Lord Macartney's embassy to China. On our left we passed an enclosed promenade, filled with groups of well-dressed persons, such as are to be seen in the parks about London on Sunday evenings; while on the right hand flowed the Seine, which at this place forms a magnificent river; the broad quays being covered with multitudes, who were enjoying themselves in front of various booths of mountebanks and merry-andrews.

After travelling so many miles through a country destitute of social objects, we were delighted with the gaiety by which, on a sudden, we found ourselves surrounded. On entering the streets we first beheld that feature of French cities which confers on them so lively an air, the well-lighted and thronged coffee-houses, lemonade, fruit, and ice shops. The effect of these, and of the streets, choaked with passengers, was highly fascinating; and we began, for

the first moment, to consider ourselves in that country so famed for its social gaiety.

Just as we were enjoying the spectacle presented by the vivacity of a large French city, our national pride was gratified by the appearance in our rear of an elegant London curricule and pair, driven by an English gentleman and his servant. The elasticity, lightness, and elegant form, of this vehicle, the spirit of the horses, and the taste and brilliancy of their accoutrements, presented such a contrast to all that we had seen of the same kind in France, that we could not help exulting at the manifest superiority of all the arts concerned in producing such a combination of elegance. The feelings of the French populace seemed to be in unison with our own; a crowd of them running after the curricule as a splendid novelty. At nine we were set down at the bureau of the diligence, when a couple of porters, taking our luggage on their *hottes*, conducted us to the *hotel de Normandie*, to which we had been recommended.—*Mon. Mag* 1819.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.

From the Literary Gazette.

A SINGULAR and recent event excites the astonishment of the inhabitants of Namur and Dinant, which seems worthy the attention of the learned, who study the nature of our Globe.

Behind one part of the Castle of Namur there is a pretty high mountain (perhaps hill) at the foot of which there was a spring of water, of considerable magnitude, which never dried up. Since the time that the plan of the new fortifications of Namur and of its citadel has been executed, this spring has been choked up, and has disappeared. The proprietors of all the parts of the mountain perceived that a revolution of some kind was preparing in the interior of their property, and nothing could equal their surprise when they became convinced that the powerful action of the waters of the choked up spring was under-

mining a great part of this mountain, and continued to make it move in a mass, without any sinking or cracks which might assist the observers in their calculations respecting it. The news of this event soon spread; in a short time the whole part of the road which leads to Dinant has been occupied by one of the points of this mountain; and it has been necessary in consequence to remedy this inconvenience by throwing a bridge over the Meuse, towards the bank which leads to Ivoir, the actual residence of Count Depatin, formerly commandant of Tournay.

The people have now given this mountain the name of the walking mountain; and in fact its motions are perceptible, as well as the direction that the weight of the waters, which daily increases more and more, makes it take toward the bank of the Meuse.

THE FLOWERS OF RHETORIC.

BY THE REV. R. SHARPE, D.D. London 1819.

THE advantages enjoyed by the rising generation in our times are unquestionably great, and if the system of modern education be radically good, we may presume that our descendants will prove abler men than our forefathers, nay, even than ourselves. Among the productions to facilitate the studies of youth, the present is one which has given us a good deal of pleasure. There is much novelty in the design, much drollery in the arrangement, and much whim and odd research in the selections. The author is of opinion that writers and public speakers of the present time fail more in richness of expression than in syntactic rule and logical sagacity; and he offers his treatise of rhetorical ornaments with the view of filling the youthful mind with beautiful images, enthusiastic feelings, and that command of language in which alone true oratory consists. For this purpose, dividing his subject into a hundred heads, of Acyrologia, Anecdote, Apologue, Cat-echresis, Climax, Dilemma, Erotesis, Hyperbole, Laconism, Metaphor, &c. &c. he explains their import, gives examples in each from ancient and modern authorities. From a publication of this kind it is not easy to select examples which will convey a perfect idea of its execution; and in the few extracts which we shall make we shall be more guided by our wish to amuse our readers than to display the author, whose single fault is, we think, a somewhat pompous diction.

THE CLIMAX.

A figure, by which advances are made through a sentence, as an eminence is attained by a gradatory.

THE PROCRASTINATED CLIMAX.

What is your name? said a gentleman to a porter. My name, replied the fellow, is the same as my father's: And what is his name? said the gentleman. It is the same as mine: Then what are both your names? Why, they are both alike, said the porter.

A fellow who was tried at Dublin, for some private offence, received the following sentence---*Judge*: The sentence of the Court is,

that you be flogged from the Bank to the Quay.---*Prisoner*: Thank you, my Lord! you have done your worst---*Judge*: And be flogged back again.

THE ANTHORISMUS.

A Figure, by which a Person renders the Proposition of another of counter-effect.

Turpin took my mare from the stable, and rode to York, without my knowledge and consent; which I term a felony.---It is true, he did so; but it was no theft; for he rode her to your yard again, and tied her to the rack.

Charlotte, it is my duty as a parent to inform you, that you are sitting by a man of very profligate character, who will mar your reputation.---*Papa*; Vice placed near Virtue, makes Virtue more lovely, strong, and clear.

You might have had a deal more wit, *Papa*, had you been governed by my Mamma.---*Child*! he who is governed by his wife, has no wit at all.

THE REPARTEE.

A prompt, keen, satirical Reply to an Address, Question, Declaration, or Charge.

It is a fine day.---It generally is, when a viper is abroad.

Madam; my Lord is dying for you.---I wish he was; and that he may never again importune me on the subject of love.

A Clergyman one Sabbath, in his sermon, had been supporting the doctrine, that "what-ever is, is right," and, that "what God had made, was well made." One of the overseers of the parish, who had a protuberant back, and was short and crooked, followed him out of the church, and in the porch thus addressed him: If all things, Sir, are well made, how came I not to be so? The parson instantly ascertaining the mensuration of his figure, told him, that he considered him well made for a cripple.

A loquacious blockhead, after babbling some time to Aristotle, observed, that he was fearful that he was obtruding on his ear. No, no, replied Aristotle, I have not been listening.

A litigation once arose in the University of Cambridge, whether Doctors in Law, or Doctors in Medicine, should hold precedence. The Chancellor asked, whether the thief or the hangman preceded at an execution, and being told that the thief usually took the lead; Well then, said the Chancellor, let the Doctors in Law have the precedence, and let Doctors in Medicine be next in rank.

A quaker in a stage-coach with an officer, observed, that his sword was very troublesome.---All my enemies are of the same opinion, replied the captain.

A link-boy one very dark evening, asked Doctor Burgess the preacher, if he would have a light? No, replied the doctor, I am one of the lights of the world. I wish then, rejoined the boy, that you were hung at the end of the alley where I live, for it is devilish dark.

The delicate rhetorical figure, "The Double Entendre," is well got through: ex. gr.

A gentleman ordered to attend one evening at the bar of the House of Commons, respecting the Isle of Man, was asked by Mr. Dundas, if the population of the Island was on the increase? Very much, answered the witness, since my living there.

Two vivacious girls entering the pump room at Bath, met a short, fat, ruddy, coarse lady retiring. Here is *beef-à-la-mode* coming out, said one of the girls: This is usual, replied the dowager, to make room for the game!

A gentleman observing his gardener with an old broad-brimmed hat on, jocosely asked him, who gave him that cuckold's hat. It is one of your old ones, replied the gardener, that my mistress gave me yesterday, when you were at the races.

The roses on your cheek were never made
To bless the eye alone, and then to fade;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being,
To please no other sense than that of seeing.

The BON MOT is another source of Joe Miller illustration:

In a recent duel between two Barristers, one of them shot away the *skirt* of the other's coat. His second observing the truth of his aim, declared, that had his friend been engaged with a *client*, he would very probably have hit his pocket.

The ANECDOTE is also a potent flower of rhetoric: when happily introduced, it has a great effect, as we can well remember in the speeches of the late Mr. Windham. Dr. Sharp gives some pat instances:

A conceited juvenile pulpit-performer importuned (on some anniversary) the Bishop of his diocese to allow him to preach. I have no objection to permit you, said the Bishop, but nature will not.

An officer in a dragoon regiment, at a review, lost his hat by a gale of wind. A private dismounted, and presenting it to him on the point of his sword, accidentally made a puncture in it--Damn it, Sam, I would sooner that you had pierced my arm. Why, so, Colonel? Because I have credit with my surgeon, but none with my hatter.

Of the *Imprecation*, we copy one dreadful example:

May Heaven's dreadful vengeance overtake him! May the keen storms of adversity strip him of all his leaves and fruit! May peace forsake his mind, and rest be banished from his pillow! May his days be filled with reproach, and his nights be haunted with remorse! May he be stung by jealousy without cause, and maddened by revenge without the means of execution! and, may all his offspring be blighted and perish, except one, who may grow up a curse to his old age, and bring his hoary head with sorrow to the grave!

The *Proverb* furnishes a fair specimen of the author's manner:

It is dear-bought honey that is licked off a thorn.

A knotty piece of timber requires a smooth wedge.

The man who does not look before, will generally be found behind.

The higher an ape climbs, the more he shows his tail.

Good blood makes an ill pudding without a little suet.

There is very little for the rake after the shovel.

A man whose eyes require couching, is not a proper person to set up as an oculist.

"Many things happen between the cup and the lip." This *Proverb* arose from the fate of Antinous, one of Penelope's suitors, who was shot by an arrow from the bow of Ulysses as he was going to drink.

The following *Bull* will scarcely be recognised either under the fine name of Oxymoron, or by the learned author's definition:

A Figure by which an Expression seemingly wrong, or apparently absurd or licentious, is, on consideration, confessed to be notable, obvious, and just.

Two gentlemen passing a blackberry-bush while the fruit was unripe, one of them remarked, that it was ridiculous to call them blackberries, when they were red. Do you not know, replied his friend, that blackberries are always red, when they are green?

Our readers will, we fear, think we have made a strange Olla Podrida of this work, but it is really such in itself. We may indeed have picked out the nice bits and seasoning in preference to the plain bouilli: but there is a facetiousness in the thing itself, and a disregard of arrangement, which stamp a character upon it no art of ours could efface. We conclude with examples of the Dilemma, the Contrast, and Sarcasm:

THE DILEMMA.

A Declaration that consists of two Propositions, either of which is forcible and convincing. A Figure of much dignity and excellence.

Why should he be so sharply rebuked? If he has done wrong, a mild admonition would be better: if he has not done wrong, reproof will fall on yourselves.

THE CONTRAST.

When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,

How we laugh at the barristers' wigs, bands, and gowns!

But no sooner we want them, to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end.

SARCASM.

Banter; bitter Derision; acrimonious Satire; earnest and poignant Reproof, conveyed in Philippics, Pasquinades, Pindarics, Quibs, &c.

It is true, you are a Member of Parliament; but you are too heavy a log to be lifted to preferment by any court lever.

This morning, quite dead, Tom was found in his bed,

Altho' he was hearty last night:

But 'tis thought, having seen Dr Glynn in a dream,
That the poor fellow died of the fright.

Our language has no term of reproach, the mind no idea of detestation, that has not already been happily applied to you, and exhausted.

He is one of those who would not scruple to apologize for every crime that has been committed, from the murder of Abel, down to the last burglary recorded in the annals of the Old Bailey.

He has a fine head of hair: and I trust that the justice of God will soon plait it into a halter, as it did Absalom's; and that the spreading arm of some tree will speedily snatch him to execution.

He seems to have invented a new system of ethics, which discards virtue as a superfluity, and rejects integrity as an incumbrance.

We cannot tell whether our extracts may help to make good orators, or even good jesters of our readers; but if Dr. Sharp has not put so much in our power, as in verity the making of rhetoricians and wits is no easy job, we trust we have given them ten minutes entertainment with all this laughable matter.

MONUMENT TO HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

BY CHANTREY.

THE Cambridge Chronicle mentions that a monument, by Mr. Chantrey, has been erected in *All Saints Church* of that city, to the memory of Henry Kirke White. It is a curious circumstance, that this tribute to British genius has been offered by an American gentleman, of the name of Boott,* who, on a visit to Cambridge, was surprised to find that there was no memorial on the burial-place of a poet whom he much admired, and thought worthy of that public distinction. Having obtained leave to repair this omission, he applied to the eminent Sculptor above mentioned, who has as we learn, fulfilled his commission with great classical taste. The Journal from which we have taken this notice adds, that "the monument has been erected on the west side of the church, facing the altar. It consists of white marble; and exhibits within a medallion the portrait of Mr. White in *bas-relief*. Below the medallion are

the following lines from the pen of the Professor of Modern History;—

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To *Granta's* bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquer'd pow'rs th' immortal mind display'd,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay'd,
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
O genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost 'midst duties too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous *Southey* seen;
He told the tale, and show'd what *White* had been:
Nor told in vain;—far o'er the Atlantic wave,
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave.
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

"In the execution of the portrait, Mr. Chantrey has been eminently successful: it is a striking likeness of the man; but the style and beauty of the sculpture may be compared to the best works of *Grecian* artists; and in the manner of executing the medallion the

[* Of Boston.]

sculptor has been guided by the purest models of taste. The works both of *Grecian* and *Egyptian* sculptors afford examples of *relievos* protected by being, as it were, imbedded within an excavated surface. The *Hieroglyphic* sculpture is all of this kind; and the *Patera* of a similar nature.

Two other monuments, by Mr. Chantrey, both of white marble, have also been erected in the Chapels of *Trinity* and *St. John's* colleges. The first, to the memory of the late Professor

PORSON, is distinguished by a bust of the most exquisite sculpture, remarkable for the likeness it exhibits of that illustrious scholar; which is such as to astonish those who have seen it, and who, well remember the characteristic traits of thought and mildness in his countenance. The other monument, also supporting a bust, is to the memory of Mr. FOX TOWNSHEND; and this is not inferior either in point of resemblance or sculpture to either of those already described."

TALES OF THE HALL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, L.L.B. 2 vols. London 1819.

From the Literary Gazette, July 1819.

RESERVING any detailed remarks we may have to offer on these volumes, we at present avail ourselves only of the celerity of our publication (by adding Mr. Crabbe to Lord Byron) to indulge, at least our poetical readers, with the taste of two of Britain's greatest living bards, who have both given us novelty within the few days that have elapsed since our last No. The tales of the Hall extend to twenty-two books, and consist of the memoirs of a number of persons residing in the vicinity of a country-squire's abode whence the title is derived. The antithesis, the play on words, the epigram, the versification, the identity of portraiture, the fine touches of nature, the strokes by which character is faithfully portrayed, and the accurate observation of human life, which distinguish the former writings of Mr. Crabbe are all prominent features of this work. The whole forms a series of painting from common life, in which we seem to recognize every individual, and in only one case do we detect any thing like an improbability. Perhaps these paintings are sometimes a little too much made out, but in others the force of a great original master is added to the minuteness of a copyist. The general impression upon our minds is not so favourable to the author as it ought to be; because we have, in the discharge of our critical functions, read these two copious vol-

umes tale after tale, perseveringly and without relaxation, but we perceive even under this disadvantage that, taken up from time to time, they must prove an invaluable accession to the useful and entertaining literature of the age, an honor to the author and his country, and, so long as our language lasts, the delight of succeeding generations. We select one tale, prefacing that Sir Owen Dale had resolved to take a dreadful revenge on a lady who had cruelly slighted him, and is reclaimed from his savage purpose by the example of one of his tenants, Ellis:

Our knight a tenant had in high esteem,
His constant boast, when justice was his theme:
He praised the farmer's sense, his shrewd discourse,
Free without rudeness, manly, and not coarse,
A farmer, tenant, nay, as man, the knight
Thought Ellis all that is approved and right;
Then he was happy, and some envy drew,
Foreknowing more than other farmers knew:
They call'd him learned, and it sooth'd their pride,
While he in his was pleas'd and gratified.
Still more t' offend, he to the altar led
The vicar's niece, to early reading bred;
Who, though she freely ventured on the life,
Could never fully be the farmer's wife;
She had a softness, gentleness, and ease,
Sure a coarse mind to humble and displease:
O! had she never known a fault beside,
How vain their spite, how impotent their pride!
Three darling girls the happy couple bleat,
Who now the sweetest lot of life possess'd;
For what can more a grateful spirit move
Than health, with competence, and peace, with love?
Ellis would sometimes, thriving man! retire
To the town inn, and quit the parlour fire;

But he was ever kind where'er he went,
And trifling sums in his amusements spent:
He bought, he thought for her—she should have been
content:

Of, when he cash received at Smithfield mart,
At Cranbourn-alley he would leave a part;
And, if to town he follow'd what he sold,
Sure was his wife a present to behold
Still when his evenings at the inn were spent,
She mused at home in sullen discontent;
And, sighing, yielded to a wish that some
With social spirit to the farm would come:
There was a farmer in the place, whose name,
And skill in rural arts, was known to fame;
He had a pupil, by his landlord sent,
On terms that gave the parties much content;
The youth those arts, and those alone, should learn,
With aught beside his guide had no concern:
He might to neighb'ring towns or distant ride,
And there amusements seek without a guide:
With handsome prints his private room was graced,
His music there, and there his books was plac'd:
Men knew not if he farm'd, but they allow'd him taste.
Books, prints, and music, cease, at times, to charm,
And sometimes men can neither ride nor farm;
They look for kindred minds, and Cecil found,
In Farmer Ellis, one inform'd and sound;
But in his wife—I hate the fact I tell—
A lovely being, who could please too well:
And he was one who never would deny
Himself a pleasure, or indeed would try.
Early and well the wife of Ellis knew
Where danger was, and trembled at the view:
So evil spirits tremble, but are still
Evil, and loose not the rebellious will;
She sought not safety from the fancied crime,
"And why retreat before the dangerous time?"
Of came the student of the farm and read,
And found his mind with more than reading fed;
This Ellis seeing, left them, or he staid,
As pleas'd him, not offended nor afraid;
He came in spirits with his girls to play,
Then ask excuse, and, laughing, walk away;
When, as he entered, Cecil ceased to read,
He would exclaim, "Proceed, my friend, proceed!"
Or, sometimes weary, would to bed retire,
And fear and anger by his ease inspire.
"My conversation does he then despise?"
Leaves he this slighted face for other eyes?"
So said Alicia; and she dwelt so long
Upon that thought, to leave her was to wrong.
Alas! the woman loved the soothing tongue,
That yet pronounced her beautiful and young;
The tongue that, seeming careless, ever praised;
The eye that roving, on her person gazed,
The ready service, on the watch to please,
And all such sweet, small courtesies as these.
The foe's attack will on the fort begin,
When he is certain of a friend within.
When all was lost,—or, in the lover's sight,
When all was won,—the lady thought of flight.

— — — — —
"Fly with me, Henry!" Henry sought in vain
To sooth her terrors and her griefs restrain,
He saw the lengths that women dared to go,
And fear'd the husband both as friend and foe.

Of farming weary—for the guilty mind
Can no resource in guiltless studies find,
Left to himself, his mother all unknown,
His titled father, loth the boy to own,
Had him to decent expectations bred,
A favour'd offspring of a lawless bed;
And would he censure one who should pursue
The way he took? Alicia yet was new:
Her passion pleas'd him: he agreed on flight:
They fix'd the method, and they chose the night.
Then, while the Farmer read of public crimes,
Collating coolly *Chronicles* and *Times*,
The flight was taken by the guilty pair,
That made one passage in the columns there.
The heart of Ellis bled; the comfort, pride,
The hope and stay of his existence died;
Rage from the ruin of his peace arose,
And he would follow and destroy his foes;
Would with wild haste the guilty pair pursue,
And when he found—Good heaven! what would life
do?

That wretched woman he would wildly seize,
And agonize her heart, his own to ease;
That guilty man would grasp, and in her sight
Insult his pangs, and her despair excite;
Bring death in view, and then the stroke suspend,
And draw out tortures till his life should end:
O! it should stand recorded in all time,
How they transgress'd, and he avenged the crime!
In this bad world should all his business cease
He would not seek—he would not taste of peace;
But wrath should live till vengeance had her due,
And with his wrath his life should perish too.
His girls—not his—he would not be so weak—
Child was a word he never more must speak!
How did he know what villains had defiled
His honest bed?—He spurn'd the name of child:
Keep them he must; but he would coarsely hide
Their forms, and nip the growth of woman's pride;
He would consume their flesh, abridge their food,
And kill the mother-vice in their blood.

Years have rolled on when Sir Owen
visits him to ascertain if his revenge has
been ample, sweet, and lasting. He
praises the delight of revelling on the
miseries of those who have wronged us;
and Ellis relates the close of his ven-
geance in the following pathetic and
powerful colloquy:

"Hear me, Sir Owen:—I had sought them long,
Urged by the pain of ever present wrong,
Yet had not seen; and twice the year came round—
Years hateful now—ere I my victims found:
But I did find them, in the dungeon's gloom
Of a small garret—a precarious home,
For that depended on the weekly pay,
And they were sorely frighten'd on the day;
But there they linger'd on from week to week,
Haunted by ills of which 'tis hard to speak,
For they are many and vexatious all,
The very smallest—but they none were small.
The roof, uncieled in patches, gave the snow
Entrance within, and there were heaps below:

I pass'd a narrow region dark and cold,
The strait of stairs to that infectious hold;
And, when I entered, misery met my view
In every shape she wears, in every hue,
And the bleak icy blast across the dungeon flew;
There frowned the ruined walls that once were white;
There gleamed the panes that once admitted light;
There lay unsavoury scraps of wretched food;
And there a measure, void of fuel, stood;
But who shall part by part describe the state
Of these, thus followed by relentless fate?
All, too, in winter, when the icy air
Breathed its bleak venom on the guilty pair.

"That man, that Cecil!—he was left, it seems,
Unnamed, unnoticed; farewell to his dreams!
Heirs made by law rejected him of course,
And left him neither refuge nor resource:
Their father's? No: he was the barlot's son
Who wronged them, whom their duty bade them shun;
And they were duteous all, and he was all undone.

"Now the lost pair, whom better times had led
To part disputing, shared their sorrow's bed:
Their bed!—I shudder as I speak—and shared
Scraps to their hunger by the hungry spared."
"Man! my good Ellis! can you sigh?"—"I can:
In short, Sir Owen, I must feel as man;
And could you know the miseries they endured,
The poor, uncertain pittance they procured;
When, laid aside the needle and the pen,
Their sickness won the neighbours of their den,
Poor as they are, and they are passing poor,
To lend some aid to those who needed more:
Then, too, an ague with the winter came,
And in this state—that wife I cannot name
Brought forth a famish'd child of suffering and of
shame.

"This had you known, and traced them to this scene,
Where all was desolate, defiled, unclean,
Fireless room, and, where a fire had place,
The blast loud howling down the empty space,
You must have felt a part of the distress,
Forgot your wrongs, and made their suffering less!"
"Sought you them, Ellis, from the mean intent
To give them succour?"

"What indeed I meant
At first was vengeance; but I long pursued
The pair, and I at last their misery view'd
In that vile garret, which I cannot paint—
The sight was loathsome, and the smell was faint;
And there that wife,—whom I had loved so well,
And thought so happy, was condemn'd to dwell;
The gay, the grateful wife, whom I was glad
To see in dress beyond our station clad,
And to behold among our neighbours fine,
More than perhaps became a wife of mine;
And now among her neighbours to explore,
And see her poorest of the very poor!—
I would describe it, but I bore a part,
Nor can explain the feelings of the heart;
Yet memory since has aided me to trace
The horrid features of that dismal place.
There she reclined unmoved, her bosom bare
To her companion's unimpassion'd stare,
And my wild wonder:—Seat of virtue! chaste
As lovely once! O! how wert thou disgraced!

Upon that breast, by sordid rags defiled,
Lay the wan features of a famish'd child;—
That sin-born babe in utter misery laid,
Too feebly wretched even to cry for aid;
The ragged sheeting, o'er her person drawn,
Served for the dress that hunger placed in pawn.

"At the bed's feet the man reclined his frame:
Their chairs were perished to support the flame
That wamred his agued limbs; and, sad to see,
That shook him fiercely as he gazed on me.

"I was confused in this unhappy view:
My wife! my friend! I could not think it true;
My children's mother,—my Alicia,—laid
On such a bed! so wretched,—so afraid!
And her gay, young seducer, in the guise
Of all we dread, abjure, defy, despise,
And all the fear and terror in his look,
Still more my mind to its foundation shook.

"At last he spoke:—'Long since I would have died,
But could not leave her, though for death I sigh'd,
And tried the poison'd cup, and dropt it as I tried.

"She is a woman, and that famish'd thing
Makes her to life, with all its evils cling:
Feed her, and let her breathe her last in peace,
And all my sufferings with your promise cease."

"Ghastly he smiled:—I knew not what I felt,
But my heart melted—hearts of flint would melt,
To see their anguish, penury, and shame,
How base, how low, how groveling they became;
I could not speak my purpose, but my eyes
And my expression bade the creature rise.

"Yet, O! that woman's look! my words are vain
Her mix'd and troubled feelings to explain;
True, there was shame and consciousness of fall,
But yet remembrance of my love withal,
And knowledge of that power which she would now
recal.

"But still the more that she to memory brought,
The greater anguish in my mind was wrought;
The more she tried to bring the past in view,
She greater horror on the present threw;
So that, for love or pity, terror thrill'd
My blood, and vile and odious thoughts instill'd.
This war within, these passions in their strife,
If thus protracted, had exhausted life;
But the strong view of these departed years
Caused a full burst of salutary tears,
And as I wept at large, and thought alone,
I felt my reason re-ascend her throne."

"My friend!" Sir Owen answer'd, "what became
Of your just anger?—when you saw their shame,
It was your triumph, and you should have shown
Strength, if not joy—their sufferings were their own."

"Alas, for them! their own in very deed!
And they of mercy had the greater need;
Their own by purchase, for their frailty paid—
And wanted heaven's own justice human aid?
And seeing this, could I beseech my God
For deeper misery, and a heavier rod?"
"But could you help them?"—"Think, Sir Owen,
How

I saw them then—methinks I see them now!
 She had not food, nor aught a mother needs,
 Who for another life and dearer feeds:
 I saw her speechless; on her wither'd breast
 The wither'd child extended, but not prest,
 Who sought, with moving lip and feeble cry,
 Vain instinct! for the fount without supply.
 Sure it was all a grievous, odious scene,
 Where all was dismal, melancholy, mean,
 Foul with compell'd neglect, unwholesome, and
 unclean;

That arm,—that eye,—the cold, the sunken cheek,—
 Spoke all, Sir Owen—fiercely miseries speak!”

The death of the seducer and the seclusion of the guilty wife, “whom never more on earth will he forsake or see,” ends Ellis’s affecting narration; and need we add that, thus taught, Sir Owen foregoes his purposed revenge.

SPECIMENS OF THE BRITISH POETS, &c.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

OUT of the restoration sprung one eminent effusion of wit, namely, *Hudibras*; but the drama degenerated, owing to the infection of French and Spanish literature. Davenant was, as far as costume and mechanism went, a great improver of the stage; and Dryden and Otway were its chief ornaments; the former employing great genius in a wrong direction, and the latter doing too little to establish what was pure and good. With Dryden, who died in its last year, we may close the seventeenth century. To him Prior, Swift, Parnell, Rowe, and, above them all, Pope succeeded. The finest ear for melody gave to all he wrote a peculiar grace and sweetness, previously unknown to English verse. No wonder that his contemporaries regarded him with the fondest admiration, and that a succeeding age should, with the exception of pseudo-criticism, aiming at notoriety by paradox, hail him as one of the greatest masters of the British lyre.

Mr. Campbell, in a strain of the soundest argument, as well as of the best feeling, combats the strange hypothesis, that Pope’s poetic merits were less, because his images are drawn from Art more than from Nature. Well does he observe that

“The faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and, thirdly, that

artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. [i. e. the similarly exquisite description—for this belongs to the argument.] The poet is “creation’s heir.” He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the eternal charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet’s study, than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet’s goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face—however charming it may be—or the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers.”

After some instances in support of this thesis, which can only be questioned by those whose minds are too obtuse to distinguish what is from what is not poetry, our author, in a true tone of poetic feeling, as well as of just illustration, adds—

“Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me—I

sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle, and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being."

We know not what our readers may think of this sketch of a ship-lanch; but for ourselves we desire no finer poetry.

Mr. Campbell does not carry his history nearer to our own times, but judiciously concludes with Pope. Our opinion of this Essay has already been given; and its elegance and excellence will, we presume, have been acknowledged even in the few extracts which we have given. It appears to us to be full of admirable thoughts, well expressed in a polished but not highly ornamented style. If labour has been bestowed upon it, it is labour to simplify and model on a pure standard.

Our ideas of the biographical notices and extracts will probably be seen hereafter more fully than they could be stated on a cursory glance through these interesting volumes. A correct taste appears to us to pervade the whole; and we only regret that in many cases it was not more liberally indulged. But the author was necessarily limited in extent, and after all it may be a matter of congratulation, that instead of attempting to supersede preceding writers, he has only added a charming companion to their works; and Perry, Headley, Ellis, &c. will not be the less desirable, nor the less read, because Campbell has followed comprehensively in the same delightful track.

Great pains have been taken to exclude every prurient passage which quotations from less refined times are so apt to in-

troduce. In one instance only have we observed that a very gross image has escaped the Author's attention, or perhaps his understanding, for in such a matter it might be well to have to say,

----- Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

As this already popular publication needs no encomium of ours to recommend it, we shall conclude with inserting, merely for the sake of diversity, one or two specimens from poets of the era of which, in this Number, we have been speaking.

THE CHURCH-BUILDER.

(Anonymous. 1711.)

A wretch had committed all manner of evil,
And was justly afraid of death and the devil;
Being touched with remorse, he sent for a priest,
He was wondrous godly, he prayed and confest:
But the father, unmov'd with the marks of contrition,
Before absolution impos'd this condition:

'You must build and endow, at your own proper charge
A church,' quoth the parson, 'convenient and large,
Where souls to the tune of four thousand and odd,
Without any crowding, may sit and serve God.'

'I'll do't,' cried the penitent, 'father, ne'er fear it;
My estate is encumbered, but if I once clear it
The beneficed clerks should be sweetly increased—
Instead of one church I'd build fifty at least.'

But ah! What is man? I speak it with sorrow,
His fit of religion was gone by to-morrow:
He then huffed the doctor and called him to nought—
There were churches to spare—and he'd not give a
groat.
When he mentioned his vow, he cried D—me, I'm
sober,
But all yesterday I was drunk with October.

SONG IN THE AMOROUS WAR.

By Jasper Mayne.

Time is the feathered thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparkling of thy locks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him as he flies
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.
His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old:
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.
Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire:
Flames turn to frost: and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

VARIETIES :

LITERARY, CRITICAL, AND HISTORICAL.

From the London Magazines.

THE British government have fitted out two new expeditions for the arctic regions; the one has sailed for Baffin's Bay, and the other, by land, for Hudson's Bay, and the coasts of the arctic ocean. The party to be employed in the land expedition, consists of Lieut. Franklin, the commanding officer; Dr. Richardson, of Leith, medical officer and naturalist; two midshipmen, and two servants: in all, six Europeans. They sailed about the 20th of May, and expected to reach York Factory about the middle of July. The primary object is to co-operate, if necessary, with the nautical expedition; to ascertain the north-eastern boundary of the American continent; and to endeavour to trace the Copper-mine River to its termination in the ocean. There is a probability, then, by tracing this river to its termination, the expedition may reach nearly to the north-eastern point of the continent. The expedition expect to embark in canoes, eight or ten days after their arrival at York Factory, and proceed by Cumberland House, Isle à la Crosse, &c. to Fort Chepewya, or, if possible, by Slave Lake.

EXPEDITIONS UNDERTAKEN AT THE EXPENSE OF ROMANZOW.

It is well known that the voyage round the world of Otto von Kotzebue, was undertaken at the Expense of Count Romanzow. At this moment, the same noble patron of science is fitting out two new expeditions at his own charge; the one is intended to pass from Asia to America, across the solid fields of ice, to the north of the country of the Tschutki; the other is to sail up one of the rivers which fall into the sea on the north-west coast, or Russian America, in order to penetrate through the unknown space between the Icy Cape and the river Mackenzie.

IRISH DIAMOND.

A circumstance of a singular nature, and likely to attract the notice of mineralogists, especially in Ireland, is at present the subject of conversation among the literati of Dublin. An ex-

ceedingly fine specimen of *diamond crystallized* has been found in the sand of a small stream in the north of Ireland. It is of the species called by lapidaries the *yellow diamond*, of extreme beauty, and remarkable size. A discovery of this kind, should it lead to further similar results, will be enough to change the distinction of *The Emerald Isle*.

CHECK-MATE.

The term check-mate, arose from the Persian *schach-mat*, and was introduced by the Moors in Europe, and by them delivered to the Spaniards, with the game of chess; for, in Persian, *schach* signifies a king, and *mat*, slaughter; to which latter also the Hebrew agrees.

An author, named Ericus, in a work entitled "*Mystery of Philology*," assigns indeed another etymology to this term, briefly thus: that the game of chess, or, as the Latin has it, "*latrunculorum*," of little thieves, was invented in those times when predatory exploits conferred honorable distinction; that by the black and white kings, Hercules and Cacus were personified; and the contest was for driving away cattle. Hence the term *scacco-matto*, signifies, "*Cacus mactus est*." Cacus is slain; but the Italians prefixed the *s.* to avoid the sordid association of the word *cucco*. There is an air of ingenuity in this; but the former is the correct derivation.

RESPONSIBILITY OF JUDGES IN HOLLAND.

A servant girl was erroneously convicted at Middleburgh of robbing her master; the property was found locked-up in her box; her mistress had placed it there. She was flogged, brand-marked, and confined to hard labour in the rasp-house. Whilst she was suffering her sentence, the guilt of her mistress

was detected. The celebrated Ploos Van Amstel was her advocate. The mistress was condemned to the severest scourging, a double-brand, and hard labour for life. The sentence was reversed, a heavy fine inflicted on the tribunal, and given to the innocent sufferer as an indemnification.

At Delft, another servant woman was accused of being accessory to the robbery of her master's house on a Sunday, when the family were gone to church. She was condemned on circumstantial evidence, and suffered the severest punishment allotted to servants who rob their masters. Her conduct, whilst confined, was so exemplary, and she had stood so fair previous to the imputed offence, that her master not only interceded to shorten her imprisonment, but received her again into his service. Sometime had elapsed after her release, when a circumstance occurred which led to the detection of the criminal, and consequently to the complete vindication of her innocence.

It happened as she was walking through the butchers' market, at Delft, one of the butchers, tapping her on the shoulder, whispered in her ear "My God! what a creature is a naked woman." Instantly she recollected having used those very words on the fatal Sunday prior to the commission of the robbery for which she had suffered. Whilst the family were at church she changed her clothes; and, whilst she was in the state of her mother EVE in paradise before her fall, surveying her own figure, she used the exclamation the butcher had repeated.

With a palpitating heart she hastened to her master, and told him what had occurred. He was a magistrate; and found, upon inquiry, that the suspected person had suddenly got up in the world, subsequent to the robbery; and the measures of the police were so well arranged, that a search was made at one and the same time in his own house, and that of his nearest kindred, whereby various articles that had been stolen from her master's house at the time the maid had been accused, were found and taken away.

It seems that the robber had concealed himself in the turf-solder or garret, where the turf was stowed away, adjoining which was her chamber; and whilst the poor girl was dressing, the villain effected the robbery, and got off unperceived.

He was broke alive upon the rack; and the city gave a handsome portion to the sufferer, by way of compensation for the wrongs she had undergone.

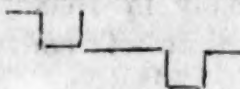
In cases of murder, where the circumstantial evidence is very strong against the accused, but where there is no positive evidence, the sentence is suspended, and the prisoner confined till his guilt or innocence can be established; or the question is terminated by his death in captivity.

TIBET SHEEP.

An importation of Tibet sheep, from the hair of which Cachemire shawls are made, has arrived in France, and affords matter both for the speculations of the political economist and the jests of the wits. One of the latter says, that the Parisian husbands now sooth their impatient wives by telling them to be easy, and they shall soon have a Cachemire; thus emulating the story of an ancient Seigneur, whose family being woefully off for linen, he gave orders to sow a field with lintseed, at which the young people burst out a laughing, and he observed "How pleasant this is! you see how the little humorists chuckle at the prospect of shirts!"

LADY'S VELOCIPEDE.

We have seen an unfinished, or rather a rough model of an excellent contrivance deserving of this name, at Mr. Ackermann's. It resembles the Velocipede in Mr. Johnson's patent, but has two levers (like weaver's treadles) on which the person impelling the machine presses alternately with a walking motion. These move the axle of this form,



by means of leathern straps round the cramps; and the wheels, being fixed, revolve with it. The lady sits on a seat before, and directs the velocipede, as in the original invention. The exercise appears to be easy and safe.

VELOCIPEDÉ IMPROVED.

The velocipedes have something so ridiculous in their appearance, as well as difficult in their management, that the modest and the idle will be equally deterred from the use of them; but there is so much ingenuity in the principle of their construction, that one would lament to see them wholly abandoned. We learn that a vehicle has been constructed, which has more of the ingenuity and usefulness, without any of the disadvantages of this mechanical invention. It is calculated to accommodate three persons; the front compartment is constructed in the same manner as the common velocipede; the centre consists of a convenient seat, fitted up like the seat of a gig; and the third portion is behind the centre, in the shape of a dicky. It is worked by the person in front, and the one behind, the person in the middle sitting perfectly easy. The man in front has work of the same kind to do as the rider of the common velocipede; the one behind sits in the dicky, with his foot supported by a foot-board, and the exertion he has to make is to turn with each hand the wheels beside him: for this purpose a handle is fixed to the axis of each wheel, and which is turned round in the same manner as a common hand-mill. The machine combines ingenuity with use, and must produce admiration. It is particularly available in private roads, and gentlemen's parks. It was exhibited last week to the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who both expressed the highest satisfaction at so ingenious a contrivance.

A *velocipede*, on a new construction, is said to be building by an artist at Hereford. It is to have beams or bodies on springs, and four wheels, which will insure its safety. It is to quarter on the roads like other carriages, and, with four impellers, it is supposed that it will proceed with astonishing rapidity; but its peculiar recommendation is to be, the conveyance of two ladies, and two impellers, at the rate of six miles the hour.

THE ELECTRICITY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Dr. Hartmann, of Francfort on the Oder, has published in a German Medical Journal, a statement, according to which he is able to produce at pleasure an efflux of electrical matter from his body towards other persons. You hear the crackling, see the sparks, and feel the electric shock. He has now acquired this faculty to so high a degree, that it depends solely on his own pleasure to make an electric spark issue from his fingers, or to draw it from any other

part of his body. Thus in this electrical man, the will has an influence on the development of the electricity, which had not hitherto been observed, except in the electrical eel.

THE USE OF A DEAD WIFE.

A German paper contains the following paragraph:—"The wife of a labouring man, in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, died some time ago, and the husband made the necessary preparations for her interment. He, however, deposited a block of wood in the coffin, instead of the corpse, which he conveyed, during the night, into a forest, that it might serve as a bait for wild beasts. By this horrible expedient he succeeded in catching a wolf and two foxes. On the circumstance being made known, the man was arrested and carried before a Court of Justice; but, far from being intimidated, he claimed the reward offered for destroying mischievous animals.

THE ŒDOPHONE.

A new instrument called the *Œdophone*, has been invented and made by Charles Henry Vander Bergh. It has the appearance of a lady's work-table; the shape is a parallelogram, and it occupies about 4 feet by 2. It is played on by keys, like a harpsichord or piano-forte. Along the back lies a solid block of metal of a peculiar composition, known only to the inventor, and the exact proportions in which the several metals are combined, he avers to be indispensable to the production of the best possible tone. The side of the block that lies next the player, presents a sweep, into which are inserted cylindrical bars of the same metal, varying in length from $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches to $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch and sometimes more than a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. Upon each of these bars is a moveable ring of the same metal, closely fitted, which is fixed by a screw through the top, and by changing the position of this ring (a very simple operation, and similar in effect to the apportioning of water in musical glasses) the instrument is tuned. To the end of the bar not inserted in the block, a spring is affixed at a right angle by a screw, and each of these springs is connected with the corresponding key by a simple mechanical contrivance, so as to be pulled forward when the keys are pressed down by the player. Part of the surface of the spring is covered with some kind of felt or plush. Parallel to these springs lies a roll of conical shape and of a peculiar composition, but differing from the block and the bars, the former being of a colour between brass and copper, and the roll resembling pewter. This roll revolving upon its axis, is put into motion by the foot like the wood in a turning lathe. The pres-

sure of the finger upon the key brings the spring into contact with the roll while it is in a state of revolution, and thus the bar inserted in the block is made to vibrate, and the tone produced. The sound ceases when the spring is relaxed from contact with the roll, which happens when the pressure on the key is removed. A swell is produced by a difference in the touch, and a perfect *crescendo* and *diminendo* can be obtained at pleasure.---The compass of the instrument is five octaves and a half, and it is singular that the several parts produce sounds essentially different. The upper tones are precise--those of an octave flute--the next notes in the clarionet, and still lower of the bassoon. The resemblance is exceedingly close, so much so, indeed, that the best application of the invention will probably be found to be in substituting the *Cedophone* for wind instruments at concerts where good players are not to be had. The lowest tones are rough, and rather injure than improve the general effect whenever they are employed. Increasing the size of the block and bars extends the quantity of tone in a degree far beyond a geometrical ratio. In the present shape and proportion, its tone is scarcely louder than a common square piano-forte. The *Cedophone* is competent to the performance of an allegro. Of its use as an accompanying instrument to the voice, every one may judge from the description of its several tones. They clearly give a constant variation as the composition rises or falls; and now the singer would seem to be accompanied by a flute, and now by a clarionet or bassoon obligato. The general effect, however, is that of a small concert of all these wind instruments.

OIL FROM PUMPKINS.

The seeds of pumpkins are commonly thrown away; but abundance of an excellent oil may be extracted from them. When peeled they yield much more oil than an equal quantity of flax. This oil burns well; gives a lively light; lasts longer than other oils, and emits very little smoke. The cake remaining after the extraction of the oil may be given to cattle, who eat it with avidity. The oil, when cold, is greasy, soft and pure; it does well for frying, especially fish.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

An Irishman, possessed of a very treacherous memory, setting out on a journey, wrote in his memorandum-book: "Passing through Dublin, to remember not to forget to marry Miss * * *."

A gentleman at a dinner party drank very little wine. The landlord pressed him to take some more, remarking, that

if every body were to drink as he did, wine would become very cheap. "Allow me to differ from you there, Sir," said the gentleman: "on the contrary, I think it would get dearer, for I drink as much as I like."

RUINS OF BABYLON.

In the course of November last, Mr. Rich, accompanied by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, and Mr. Bellien, made an excursion to Hilla, and the remains of ancient Babylon, from which they returned to Bagdad, on the 24th of November. All the heaps of ruins and bricks were examined with the greatest care. Besides the very detailed drawings, Sir Robert drew in the presence of Mr. Rich, a plan of the whole extensive plain, upon a plan much larger than it had been previously taken by Mr. Rich. The ruins of Ali Haima and Namrud were also marked upon it, by which the learned will be enabled to judge, whether these two ruins were within the city walls of the ancient Babylon, or not: and to see whether Major Bennett, or Mr. Rich, is in the right. Sir Robert has, doubtless, left Bagdad, without stopping there, and proceeded by way of Kurdistan to Tabris, whence he returns to St. Petersburg.

Lucien Buonaparte is about to publish a poem entitled *The Cernide*. Corsica, anciently *Cernos*, conquered by the Saracens in the 12th century, is the subject.

An Apollo in bronze, the forms of which are extremely beautiful, and which surpasses all the bronze statues hitherto found, has recently been dug up at Rome.

The celebrated CANOVA is now employed in finishing two new monuments of his matchless art: the one, a statue of Pius VII. to be placed in the Vatican, and the other, a group of Mars and Venus, intended for the Prince Regent of England.

Mr. Dibdin has already, with extraordinary speed, and, what is better, with extraordinary skill, produced two new Dramas, founded on the third series of the Tales of my Landlord, entitled *The Legend of Montrose*, and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, or *Spectre of the Fountain*. The latter is of the serious melodramatic cast, the former more simply romantic. These pieces, with the whimsical *Siege of Troy*, make out a delightful evening's entertainment; but as we can only, at present, speak on the general report of an intelligent friend, we shall defer a more detailed notice till we have assurance doubly sure by personal inspection.

Shortly will be published, in demy 12mo. *The Wandering Jew*, being an authentic account of the manners and customs of the most distinguished nations, interspersed with anecdotes of celebrated men at different periods since the last destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, in a narrative supposed to have been written by that mysterious character.

POETRY.

Extracted from the English Magazines, July 1819.

JACOB'S DREAM.

*A Picture by ALLSTON, in the Royal Academy.**(See Ath. Aug. 2, 1819.)*

THE Sun upon the western hills was gone,
That guard thy vales of beauty, Palestine,
Now flaming like a golden, fiery zone.
The Crescent on the eastern Heaven, supine,
Hung on the purple horizontal line.
Up Padanaram's height, abrupt and bare,
A Pilgrim toil'd and oft on day's decline
Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious air.
The summit gain'd, he knelt, and breathed his even-
ing prayer.

He spread his cloak, and slumbered. Darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills. A sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell.
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round,
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound.
Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound :
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky,
Below, an ocean spreading on incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose,
Then chariot wheels,—the nearer rush of wings ;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows ;
It thunders.—The resplendent gates unclose.
Far as the eye can glance, o'er height on height,
Blaze fiery, waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Rank'd by their millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But two beside the sleeping Pilgrim stand,
Like cherub kings, with uplift, mighty plume,
Fixed, sunbright eyes, and looks of high command :
They tell the Patriarch of his glorious doom,
Father of countless myriads, that shall come,
Sweeping the land, like billows of the sea.
Bright as the stars of Heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom Angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

TRISSINO.

FROM THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

*[See Preceding Review.]**Song to the Harp, to charm a moody Mind.*

BIRDS of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard your scream.—
Haste to cave and ruined tower,
Ivy, tod, or dinged-bower,
There to wink and mop, for, hark !
In the mid air sings the lark.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox,—
Hie you fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe,
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night ;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams ;
Hie hence each peevish imp and fay
That scare the pilgrim on his way ;
Quench, kelpy ! quench, in bog and fen,
Thy torch that cheats benighted men ;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-mists from the brow of day :—
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone !
Thou dardest not face the godlike sun.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

(From the same.)

NOVEMBER'S hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sun-beam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare,
The hail-drops had not melted yet,
Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,
Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear ;
Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate,
Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,
Since, while from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelmed my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has born,"
The wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St. Bridget's moor
Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil ;
An infant, well nigh dead,
They saved, and reared in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kissed,---
 "My husband's looks you bear;
 Saint Bridget and her morn be blessed!
 You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
 In silk and sandals rare;
 And pearls, for drops of frozen hail,
 Are glistening in her hair.*

* The admirers of pure Celtic antiquity, notwithstanding the elegance of the above translation, may be desirous to see a literal version from the original Gaelic, which we therefore subjoin; and have only to add, that the original is deposited with Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

The hail-blast had drifted away upon the wings of the gale of autumn. The sun looked from between the clouds, pale as the wounded hero who rears his head feebly on the heath when the roar of battle hath passed over him.

Finele, the Lady of the Castle, came forth to see her maidens pass to the herds with their leglins.

There sat an orphan maiden beneath the old oak-tree of appointment. The withered leaves fell around her, and her heart was more withered than they.

The parent of the ice (poetically taken for the frost) still congealed the hail-drops in her hair; they were like the specks of white ashes on the twisted boughs of the blackened and half-consumed oak.

And the maiden said, "Give me comfort, Lady, I am an orphan child." And the Lady replied, "How can I give that which I have not? I am the widow of a slain lord,--- the mother of a perished child. When I fled in my fear from the vengeance of my hus-

band's foe, our bark was overwhelmed in the tide, and my infant perished. This was on Saint Bridget's morn, near the strong Lyns of Campsie. May ill luck light upon the day." And the maiden answered, "It was on Saint Bridget's morn, and twelve harvests before this time, that the fishermen of Campsie drew in their nets neither grilse nor salmon, but an infant half dead, who hath since lived in misery, and must die, unless she is now aided." And the lady answered, "Blessed be Saint Bridget and her morn, for these are the dark eyes and the falcon look of my slain lord; and thine shall be the inheritance of his widow." And she called for her waiting attendants and she bade them clothe that maiden in silk and in samite; and the pearls which they have wove among her black tresses, were whiter than the frozen hail-drops.

SONG of a humble Maid in love with a person of noble rank.

WER'T thou, like me, in life's low vale,
 With thee how blest, that lot I'd share;
 With thee I'd fly wherever gale
 Could waft, or bounding galley bear.
 But parted by severe degree,
 Far different must our fortunes prove;
 May thine be joy---enough for me
 To weep, and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
 When hope shall be for ever flown,
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,
 No selfish murmurs ever own.
 Nor will I through life's weary years,
 Like a pale drooping mourner move,
 While I can think my secret tears
 May wound the heart of him I love.

INTELLIGENCE.

A BUST of the Duke of Wellington, cast by Westmacott, from gems taken at Waterloo, has been placed on a column erected in memory of that glorious victory, on the New Alameda, at Gibraltar.

NEW WORKS.

A Geographical, History, Commercial, and Agricultural View of the United States of America, forming a Complete Emigrants' Directory through every part of the Republic; together with an Account of Upper and Lower Canada; illustrated by maps and views, in Parts, at 2s. 6. each, or in Numbers at 6d.

A General Outline of Profane History; by Mrs. Sherwood.

Errors and their Consequences, or Memoirs of an English Family. 2 vols.

Young Arthur, or the Child of Mystery; by C. Dibdin.

Dudley; by Miss O'Keefe. 3 vols.

Tales of the Hall; by the Rev. G. Crabbe, L.L.B. 2 vols.

St. Margaret's Cave. 4 vols.

The New Era. 4 vols.

No Fiction; a Narrative, founded on recent and interesting facts. 2 vols.

Forman: a tale. 3 vols.

New Tales; by Mrs. Wilkinson. 3 vols.

The Fall of the Leaf, and other Poems; by Chas. Bucke.

Letters on the Events which have passed in France since the Revolution in 1815, are printing, by HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, a name of distinction in the splendid epochs of the French Revolution.

It is reported that the Memoirs of Lord Byron are coming out under the title of *Harold the Exile*.

Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, has in the press the *Family Mansion*, a tale.

The Court of England in the Reign of Charles the First. Being a Translation of Marshal Bassompierre's Account of his Embassy to London, with Notes and Commentaries.

The Rev. J. Evans, of Islington, has on the eve of publication, his Memoirs of the Rev. William Richards L. L. D. with some Account of Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, and first assertor of complete Religious Liberty in the United States of America. The work is inscribed to the Marquis of Lansdown.